



No.67

NEW! THE SHINING KNIGHT



STARMAN

Adventure COMICS

OCT.

10¢



A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

Introducing the EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

EDITOR

WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

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Department of English Literature,
New York University

JOSETTE FRANK

Staff Advisor,
Children's Book Committee,
Child Study Association of America

Following is a complete list of the
magazines which comprise
the DC comic group:

ACTION COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
FLASH COMICS
SUPERMAN
BATMAN
ALL-STAR COMICS
ALL FLASH QUARTERLY
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



THIS TRADEMARK IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN COMIC READING

SINCE the inception of this and other DC magazines, a rigid policy has guided the editors in their selection and presentation of editorial material. A deep respect for our obligation to the young people of America and their parents and our responsibility as parents ourselves combine to set our standards of wholesome entertainment.

Early this year we recognized the value of active assistance on the part of those professional men and women who have made a life work of child psychology, education and welfare. As a result we secured the collaboration of five Advisory Editors, each a leader in his or her respective field. In this issue we take pleasure in introducing them to you.

Dr. Robert Thorndike, of Columbia University's Teachers College, is well known for his distinguished work in the field of child education. His fund of experience and studies of children's reading interests have fitted him well to aid in guiding our editorial policies.

Ruth Eastwood Perl, Ph. D., has worked with children in the field of psychology for many years. Her activities in intensive research, as well as practical experience, have aided us in understanding more fully the findings and conclusions of specialists in child training.

Gene Tunney, former World's Heavyweight Champion, now a successful businessman. At present on active duty as Lieutenant Commander, in charge of Physical Fitness Program, U. S. Navy; a member of the Executive Board of the Boy Scout Foundation, and of the Board of Directors of the Catholic Youth Organization.

Dr. C. Bowie Millican, Department of English Literature, New York University, has noted the similarity of today's fictional heroes to the legendary heroes of another day—Hercules, Paul Bunyan, Samson and mighty Thor.

Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association of America, and author of "What Books for Children," is an acknowledged authority in the field of juvenile reading. Her contribution to the DC magazines is actually three-fold; her monthly book reviews are a sound guide to the best in young people's books; her frequent movie reviews are helpful in selecting the best of current fare; in connection with the DC magazines themselves, she has contributed many helpful suggestions.

We believe parents and young people alike will welcome the addition of these outstanding experts to our Advisory Staff. As the number of comic magazines has increased so rapidly it has become more important than ever to discriminate between them. The "DC" at the top of our magazine covers is your guide to better magazines.

Sincerely,

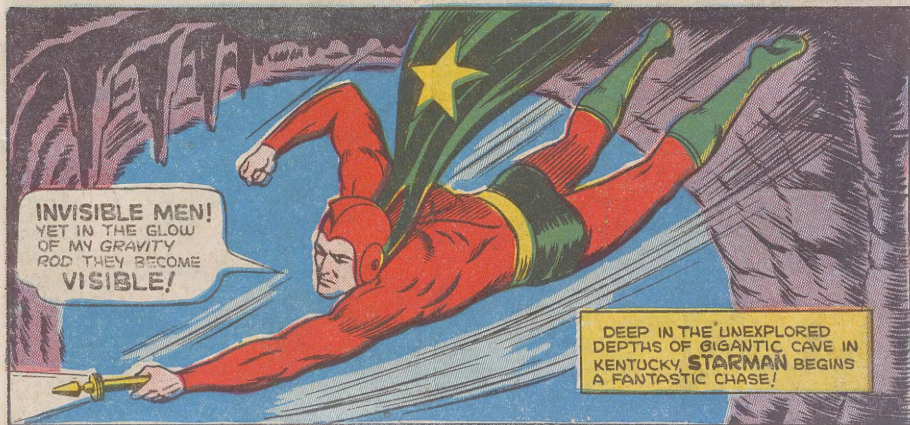
The Publishers

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★ STARMAN

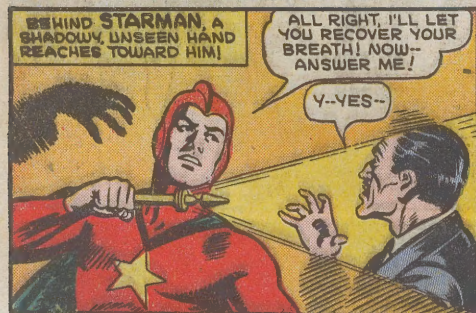
by JACK BURNLEY

EQUIPPED WITH HIS MIGHTY GRAVITY ROD, WHICH TRANSLATES STARLIGHT INTO ENERGY, STARMAN, MYSTERY MAN OF NIGHT, TACKLES THE MENACE OF THE INVISIBLE RAIDERS!



INVISIBLE MEN!
YET IN THE GLOW
OF MY GRAVITY
ROD THEY BECOME
VISIBLE!

DEEP IN THE UNEXPLORED
DEPTHS OF GIANTIC CAVE IN
KENTUCKY, STARMAN BEGINS
A FANTASTIC CHASE!

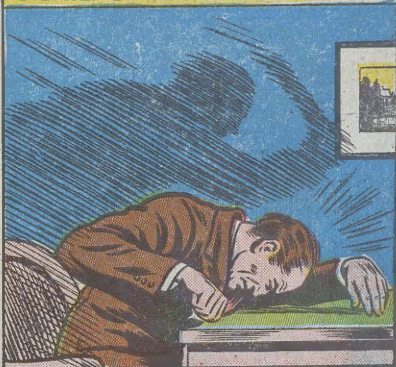


AS THE UNCONSCIOUS STARMAN IS BEING TAKEN INTO THE EERIE DEPTHS OF MAMMOTH CAVE, WE TURN BACK THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK ONE FULL DAY, AND LOOK INTO THE OFFICE OF DEFENSE CHIEF WOODLEY ALLEN OF THE F.B.I.

THE DOOR! IT'S OPENING, AND NO ONE'S THERE-- YET I SEEM TO SENSE A PRESENCE--



AN UNSEEN HAND SWINGS AN INVISIBLE WEAPON AND ALLEN FALLS FORWARD, STUNNED BY THE UNEXPECTED BLOW!



A DRAWER OPENS-- PLANS SEEM TO LIFT THEMSELVES AND FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR!

THESE PLANS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDED BY THE F.B.I. --I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE MIST!



BUT ALLEN'S SECRETARY HAS ENTERED IN TIME TO SEE THE FANTASTIC SPECTACLE OF THE PHANTOM ROBBERY!

THE PLANS--FLOATING IN MID-AIR--AS IF CARRIED BY AN INVISIBLE HAND!

I'LL COAT THESE PLANS WITH THE INVISIO-SOLUTION SO THEY CAN'T BE SEEN--



THE PLANS DISAPPEAR BEFORE HER EYES--A GHOSTLY SHAPE MOVES PAST!

I FEEL SOMEONE MOVING PAST ME--I CAN'T SEE HIM-- EEEEEEE!



AS ALLEN RECOVERS, THE HYSTERICAL GIRL TELLS HIM OF THE UNBELIEVABLE SCENE SHE WITNESSED!

I SAW THE PLANS VANISH IN MID-AIR! AND I FELT SOMETHING BRUSH PAST ME--I'M CERTAIN OF IT, MR. ALLEN!

YES--IT WASN'T MY IMAGINATION WHEN I SAW THAT DOOR OPEN--THIS LUMP ON MY HEAD PROVES THAT!



AFTER THE GIRL LEAVES, ALLEN UNSCREWS THE TOP OF A SMALL METAL CAPSULE--

THIS **UNSEEN MENACE** MUST BE STOPPED--AND **STARMAN** IS THE ONE PERSON WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP ME SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!



BUT **STARMAN**, IN HIS OTHER PERSONALITY AS TED KNIGHT, TIRED PLAYBOY, IS THEN AT THE ENTRANCE TO GIANTIC CAVE, KENTUCKY, WITH HIS FIANCEE, DORIS LEE--

I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND THE DAMP AIR IN THOSE CAVERNS, DORIS! I'M A SICK MAN!

NONSENSE! THESE CAVES ARE ONE OF THE REAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD! COME ON!



JUST AS I FEARED! ONE OF MY DIZZY SPELLS HAS HIT ME! THIS EXCITEMENT IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!

WHAT! YOU ALWAYS IMAGINE YOU'RE SICK JUST IN TIME TO SPOIL MY FUN!



I--I'M GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL! MAYBE MY HEART SUSTAINED A SUDDEN SHOCK! I'LL MEET YOU LATER!

I WON'T BE A NURSE TO AN IMAGINARY INVALID! I'M GOING TO SEE THOSE CAVES! GOOD BYE!



IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, TED KNIGHT HOLDS UP A GLOWING CYLINDER--THE **GRAVITY ROD!**

THE ROD IS FLASHING! THAT MEANS AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM CHIEF ALLEN!



DONNING THE UNIFORM OF **STARMAN**, TED GOES TO THE HOTEL ROOF--

I'LL RECHARGE THE ROD WITH A SUPPLY OF STAR-RAY ENERGY!

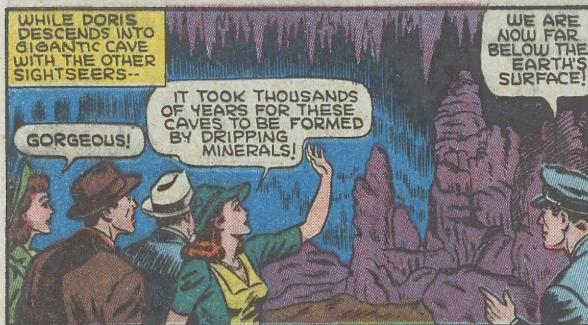
AS SOON AS IT IS DUSK, HE POINTS THE **GRAVITY ROD** TOWARD THE STARS!



THEN THE POWER OF THE ROD LIFTS HIM UP INTO THE SKY--



GRAVITY-DEFYING STELLAR FORCE WILL TAKE ME TO ALLEN WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A HUGE SECTION OF ROCK CAVES IN AHEAD OF THEM, BLOCKING THE BIG CAVERNS ONLY EXIT--



MEANWHILE--
AT THE SECRET
MOUNTAIN
MEETING-
PLACE,
STARMAN
ARRIVES IN
ANSWER TO
CHIEF ALLEN'S
CALL FOR AID--



ALLEN DESCRIBES THE MYSTERIOUS
VISIT OF THE INVISIBLE BANDIT--

AND THIS UNSEEN
FIGURE JUST
WALKED RIGHT
OUT OF THE
OFFICE WITH
THOSE PLANS!

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
I'M GOING
TO FIND
SOMEONE
I CAN'T
EVEN SEE!

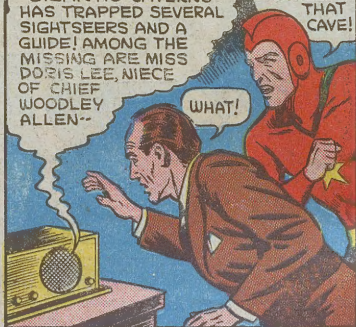


JUST THEN, THE PORTABLE RADIO
BLARES FORTH A NEWS FLASH--

FLASH! A CAVE-
SLIDE IN THE
GIGANTIC CAVERNS
HAS TRAPPED SEVERAL
SIGHTSEERS AND A
GUIDE! AMONG THE
MISSING ARE MISS
DORIS LEE, NIECE
OF CHIEF
WOODLEY
ALLEN--

DORIS!
CAUGHT
INSIDE
THAT
CAVE!

WHAT!



HURRY!
YOU'VE GOT
TO SAVE
HER!

LIKE A BULLET FROM A GUN,
STARMAN SPRINGS INTO ACTION!



I'LL FREE HER!
THAT'S SOMETHING I
CAN DO-- INSTEAD OF
TRYING TO FIND AN
INVISIBLE BANDIT!

STARMAN LANDS NEAR AN ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE--

I ONLY HOPE I'M
NOT TOO LATE!



SO FAR, SO
GOOD! NOW TO
FIND THE SPOT
WHERE THAT
AVALANCHE
STRUCK!



HERE'S WHERE THE
PASSAGE-WAY IS
BLOCKED UP--
MY GRAVITY
ROD WILL EAT
RIGHT THRU
THIS STONE!



JUST THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT--

SOMEONE FIRING
AT ME! BUT I CAN'T
SEE ANYONE!



LEAPING BEHIND A ROCK FORMATION, STARMAN
THROWS A BEAM OF LUNAR LIGHT FROM THE ROD--

SAY! I DO SEE SOMEONE!
PERHAPS THE LUNAR GLOW
FROM THE ROD ENABLES ME
TO SEE A MAN
INVISIBLE IN
ORDINARY
LIGHT!



STARMAN LEAPS DOWN FROM THE
TALL STALAGMITE, LANDING FLUSH
UPON HIS SHADOWY FOES!

AS
LONG AS
I CAN
SEE YOU,
I'LL DO
ALL
RIGHT!



JUMPING UP, HE GRASPS
AN OVERHANGING ROCK!

YOU BET I CAN!
AND PRETTY
SOON YOU'LL
BE SEEING
THINGS, TOO!

HE CAN
SEE US!



OW!

BUT HIS PHANTOM
ADVERSARIES FINALLY
OVERCOME THE MAN OF
NIGHT, AND CARRY HIM,
HELPLESS, INTO THE
DARK DEPTHS OF THE
WEIRD GIGANTIC CAVE!



THE UNCONSCIOUS **STARMAN** IS TAKEN
BEFORE A HIDEOUS, BONY-FACED OLD
MAN, WHOSE HEAD FLOATS ABOVE A
MIST OF EVER-CHANGING CLOUDS!



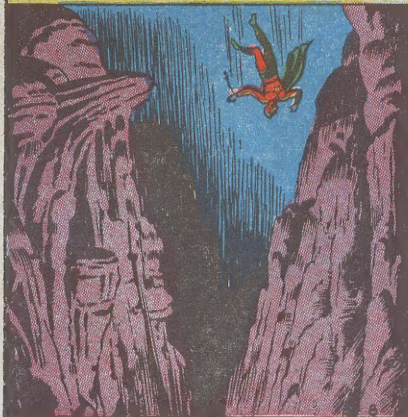
SO THIS IS THE
FAMOUS **STARMAN**!
HE IS ABSOLUTELY
HELPLESS AGAINST
THE MIST! TAKE HIM
OUT TO THE ABYSS!

A SHADY FORM CARRIES **STARMAN**
TO THE BRINK OF THE ENDLESS GULF!

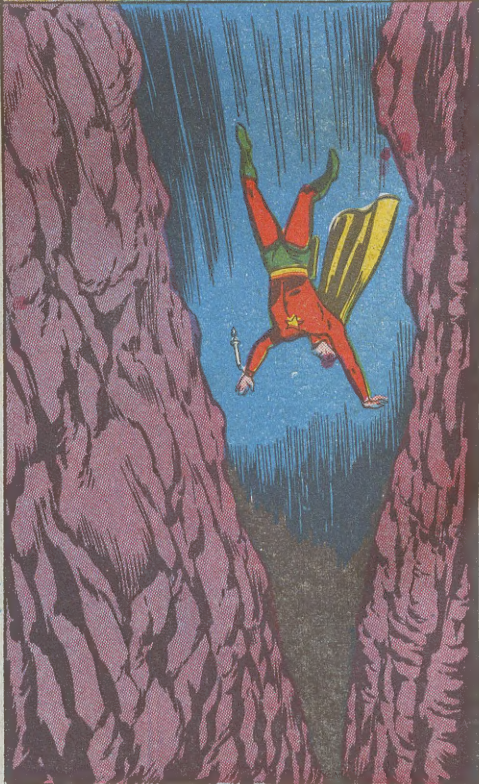
HAPPY LANDINGS!
HA HAH!



AND DOWN HE PLUNGES INTO THE
BLACKNESS OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT!



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HURTLES THE BODY
OF **STARMAN**—FALLING HUNDREDS OF MILES
INTO THE GHASTLY DEPTHS OF THE EARTH'S CORE!



BACK IN THE INVISIBLE GANG'S LAIR, DORIS IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MIST!



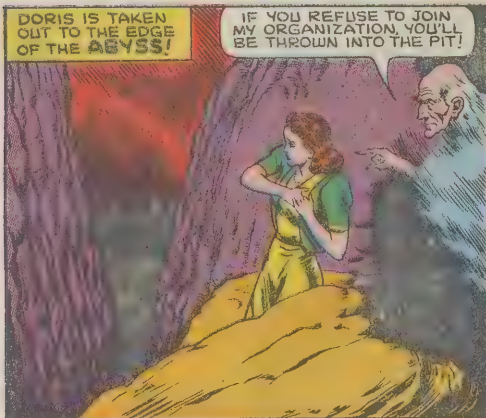
PERHAPS I SHOULD EXPLAIN! YEARS AGO, DURING THE LAST WAR I TRIED TO SELL MY INVISO-SOLUTION TO THE UNITED STATES, BUT IT WAS REFUSED!



THEY SCOFFED AT ME! I SWORE THEN I WOULD GET REVENGE! NOW ANOTHER WAR IS FLAMING ACROSS THE OCEAN, AND I SEND MY INVISIBLE MEN TO STEAL ALL THE SECRETS OF THE UNITED STATES!



DORIS IS TAKEN OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS!



NO! I'LL NEVER JOIN!

INTO THE ABYSS WITH HER!

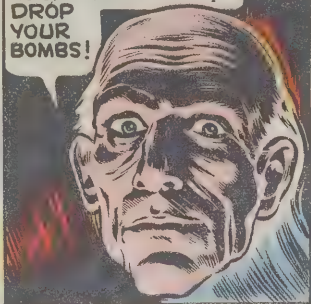


RETURNING TO HIS DEN, THE MIST TURNS ON A QUEER, BLUISH LIGHT, REVEALING HIS INVISIBLE SERVITORS!



I HAVE PAINTED MY GIANT BOMBING PLANES WITH THE INVISO-SOLUTION! YOU MEN WILL MAN THEM AND FLY OVER PITTSBURGH, BETHLEHEM AND OTHER BIG FACTORY DISTRICTS! NO ONE CAN SEE YOU!

DROP YOUR BOMBS!



AND STARMAN? HE HAS
FALLEN MILE AFTER MILE,
FAR INTO THE EARTH, COLD,
DAMP WINDS FANNING HIS
BODY--SLOWLY REVIVING HIM!

PUSHING A CONTROL BUTTON ON THE ROD, HE CHECKS HIS FALL
AND STARTS TO SOAR UPWARDS, ONLY TO MEET A NEW PERIL--
GIANT, PREHISTORIC **DEMON BATS**--VAMPIRES, THIRSTY FOR BLOOD!



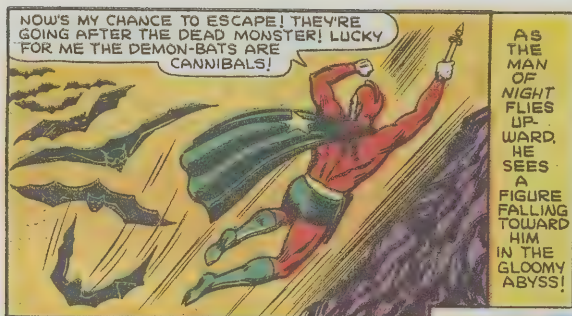
I--I'M
FALLING!
LUCKY FOR
ME THAT
THE GRAVITY
ROD WAS
STRAPPED
TO MY
WRIST!



MY GOSH!
CAN I BE
DREAMING?
WHAT
HORRIBLE
MONSTERS!



A BOLT FROM THE
ROD GOT THAT
ONE--BUT I
DON'T THINK I
CAN FIGHT OFF
SUCH A SWARM
OF THEM!



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE! THEY'RE GOING AFTER THE DEAD MONSTER! LUCKY FOR ME THE DEMON-BATS ARE CANNIBALS!

AS THE MAN OF NIGHT FLIES UPWARD, HE SEES A FIGURE FALLING TOWARD HIM IN THE GLOOMY ABYSS!



EEE-EEE HELP!

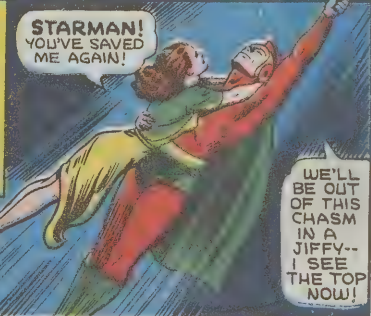


A GIRL-- FALLING TO HER DOOM! WHY, IT'S DORIS!

OH-H!

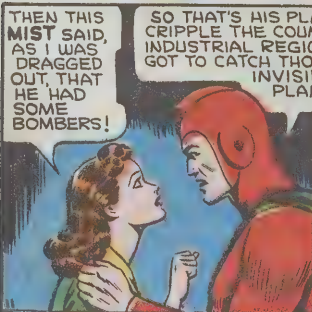
REACHING OUT, HE SNATCHES THE ARM OF THE FALLING DORIS, JUST IN TIME!

THE POWER OF THE ROD LIFTS THEM UP OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE ENDLESS PIT!



STARMAN! YOU'VE SAVED ME AGAIN!

WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS CHASM IN A JIFFY-- I SEE THE TOP NOW!



THEN THIS MIST SAID, AS I WAS DRAGGED OUT, THAT HE HAD SOME BOMBERS!

SO THAT'S HIS PLAN! TO CRIPPLE THE COUNTRY'S INDUSTRIAL REGIONS! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THOSE INVISIBLE PLANES!

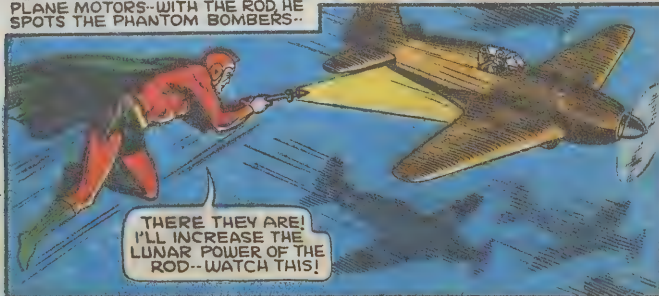
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE SHADOWY PLANES ZOOM OUT OF A SECRET CAVE ENTRANCE



DORIS TELLS STARMAN ABOUT THE EVIL MIST!

NOW--TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

FLYING WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, STARMAN SOON HEARS THE ROAR OF PLANE MOTORS--WITH THE ROD HE SPOTS THE PHANTOM BOMBERS--

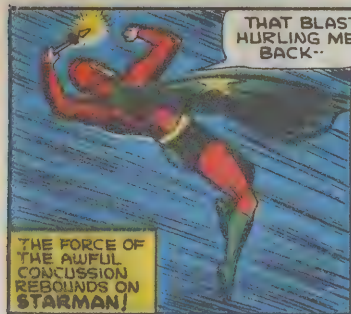
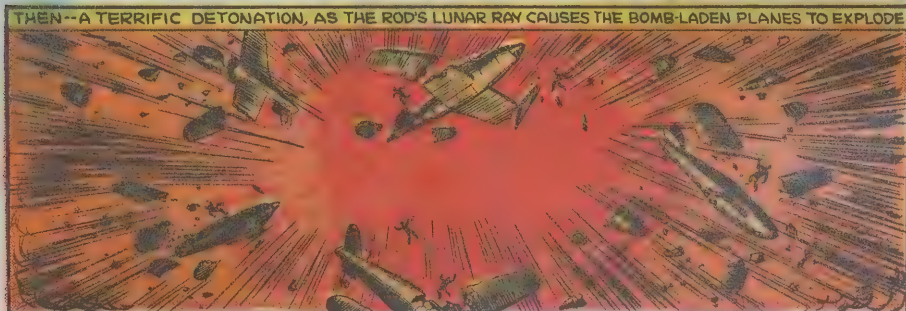


THERE THEY ARE!
I'LL INCREASE THE
LUNAR POWER OF THE
ROD--WATCH THIS!

THE HEAT OF THAT RAY
IS INCREASING--IT'LL
SET OFF OUR BOMBER
LOADS--



THEN--A TERRIFIC DETONATION, AS THE ROD'S LUNAR RAY CAUSES THE BOMB-LADEN PLANES TO EXPLODE

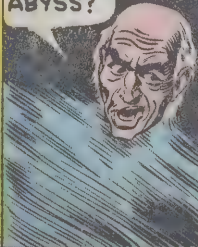


THAT BLAST--
HURLING ME
BACK--

BACK
IN THE
DEPTHS OF
GIGANTIC
CAVE, THE
MIST
DISCOVERS
DORIS
AS SHE
AWAITS
STARMAN'S
RETURN!

THE FORCE OF
THE AWFUL
CONCUSSION
REBOUNDS ON
STARMAN!

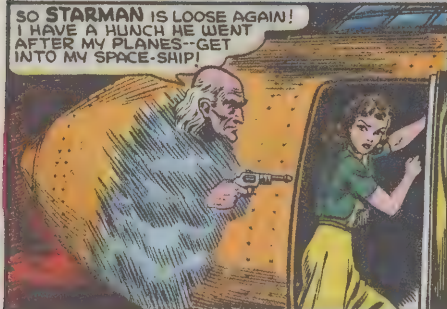
WHAT! YOU AGAIN?
HOW DID YOU ESCAPE
FROM THE
ABYSS?



STARMAN CAUGHT
ME AS I WAS
FALLING--YOU'D
BETTER LEAVE ME
ALONE--YOU CAN'T
FIGHT AGAINST
THE MAN OF
NIGHT!



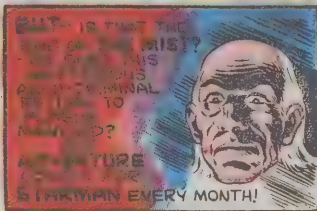
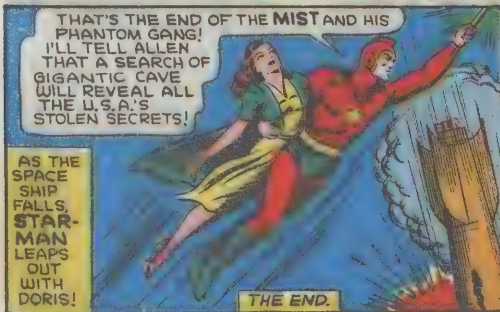
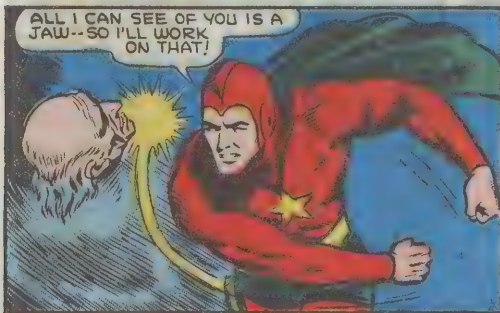
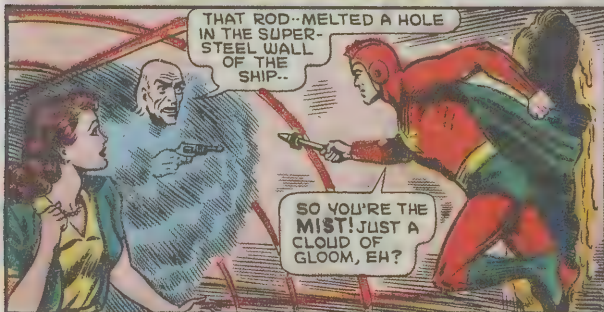
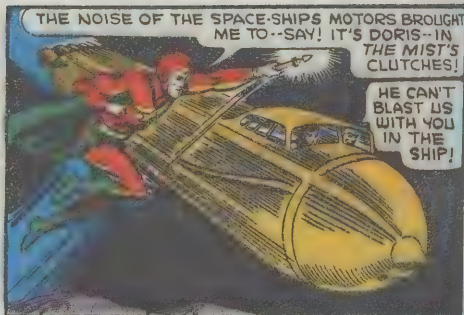
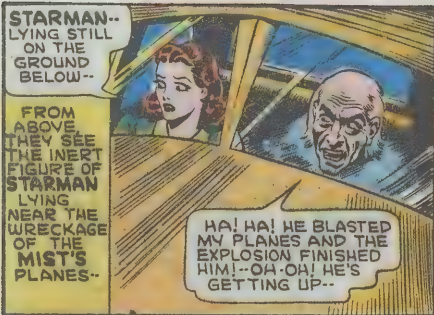
SO STARMAN IS LOOSE AGAIN!
I HAVE A HUNCH HE WENT
AFTER MY PLANES--GET
INTO MY SPACE-SHIP!



THE MIST'S SPACE SHIP LEAVES THE CAVERN AND
SOARS UPWARD!

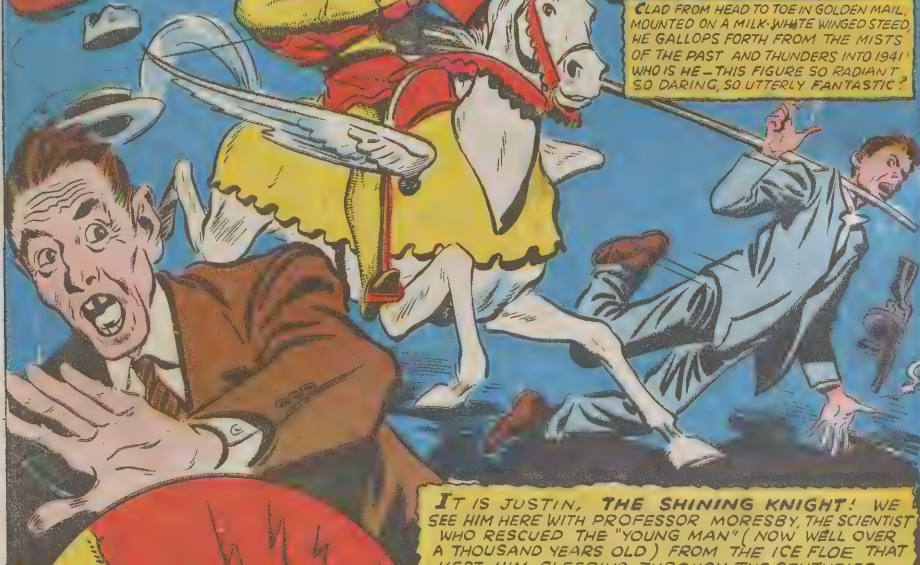


I'LL FIND THAT
COSTUMED UPSTART
AND DESTROY HIM
ONCE AND FOR ALL!



THE SHINING KNIGHT

CLAD FROM HEAD TO TOE IN GOLDEN MAIL, MOUNTED ON A MILK-WHITE WINGED STEED, HE GALLOPS FORTH FROM THE MISTS OF THE PAST AND THUNDERS INTO 1941 WHO IS HE - THIS FIGURE SO RADIANT, SO DARING, SO UTTERLY FANTASTIC?

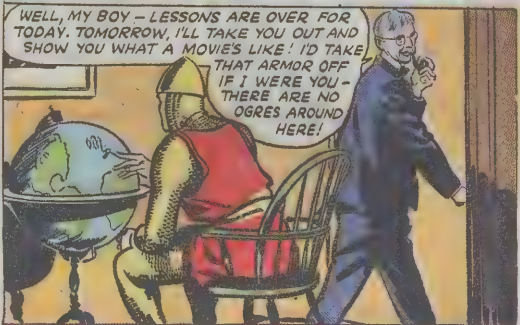
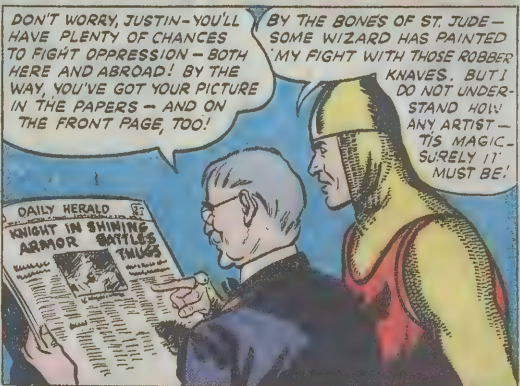
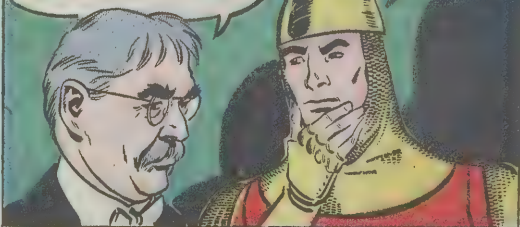
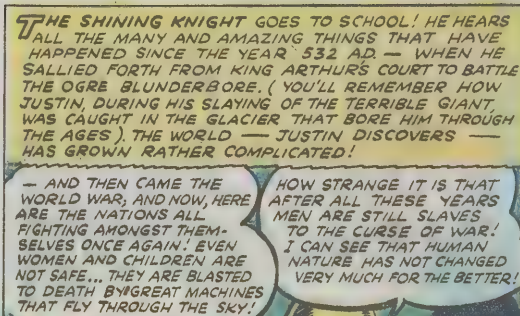
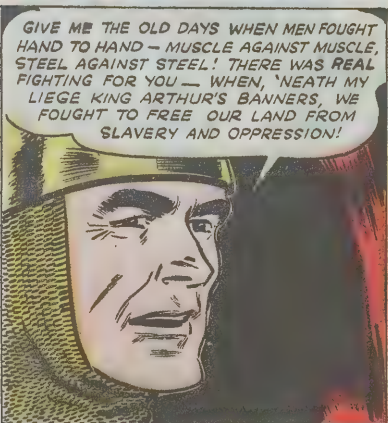


IT IS JUSTIN, THE SHINING KNIGHT! WE SEE HIM HERE WITH PROFESSOR MORESBY, THE SCIENTIST WHO RESCUED THE "YOUNG MAN" (NOW WELL OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD) FROM THE ICE FLOE THAT KEPT HIM SLEEPING THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

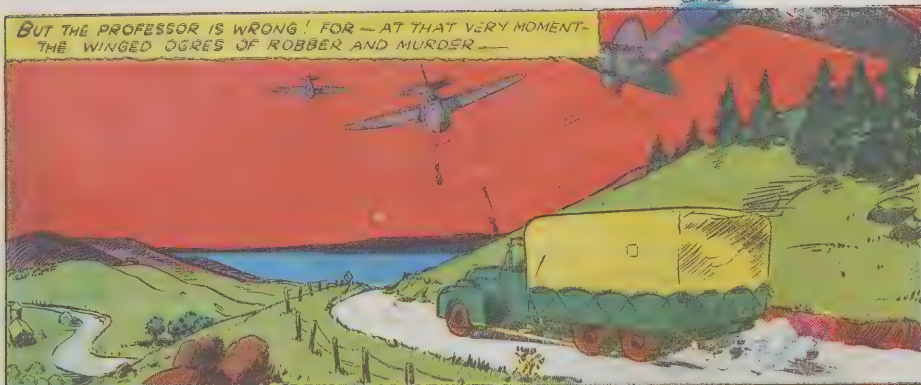


AN AMAZING SCENE: A STEEL-GAUNTLETED ARM REACHES FOR THE TELEPHONE...





BUT THE PROFESSOR IS WRONG! FOR — AT THAT VERY MOMENT —
THE WINGED OGRES OF ROBBER AND MURDER —



— POUNCE FROM THE SKIES!



SHOT — SOMEONE'S
(COUGH, COUGH)
SHOOTING
AT US —
GUGGH!

MUST BE — SOME —
MISTAKE — A-A-AHH!

HIDDEN SLATS SLIDE BACK —
AND THE SLEEK PURSUIT
SHIPS BECOME AUTOGYROS.

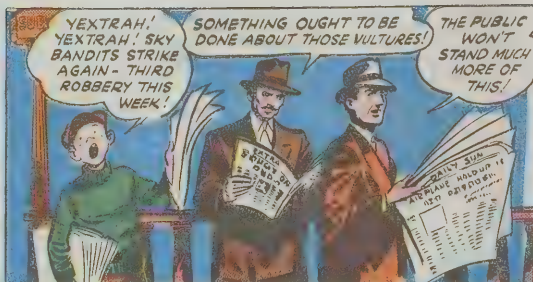


THESE FURS
MUST BE
WORTH A MINT
O' MONEY
BOY-O-BOY-
THESE PLANE
HOLD-UPS
SURE ARE
THE BERRIES!

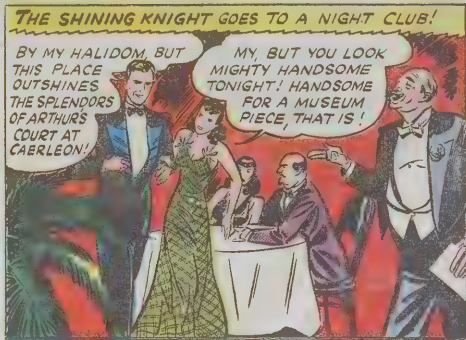
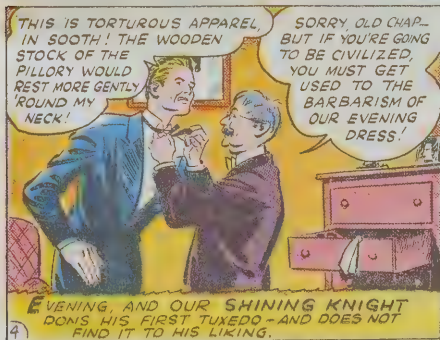
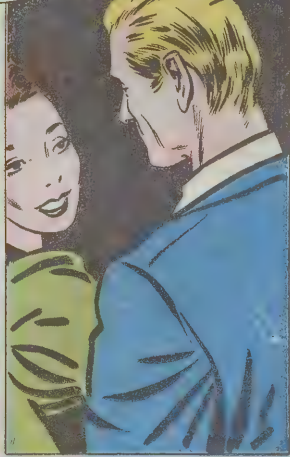
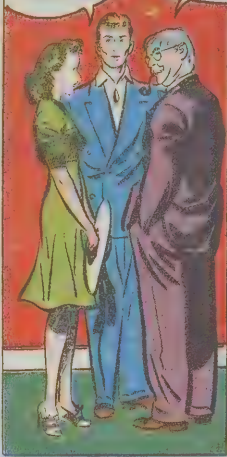
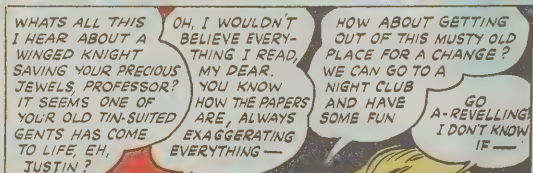
WE CAN'T MISS!
BY THE TIME THE
COPS HEAR ABOUT
THIS JOB — WE'LL
BE HALF WAY
ACROSS THE
CONTINENT!

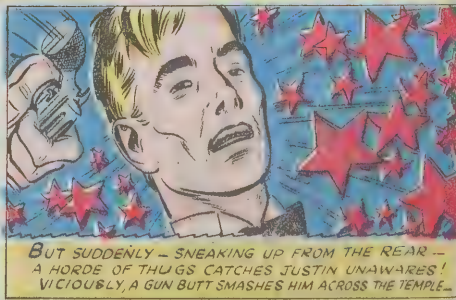
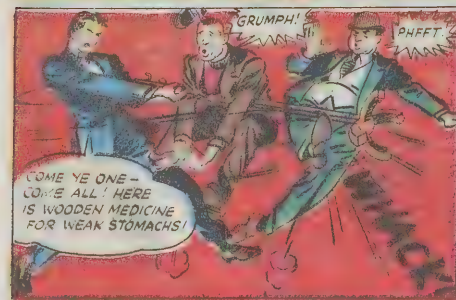
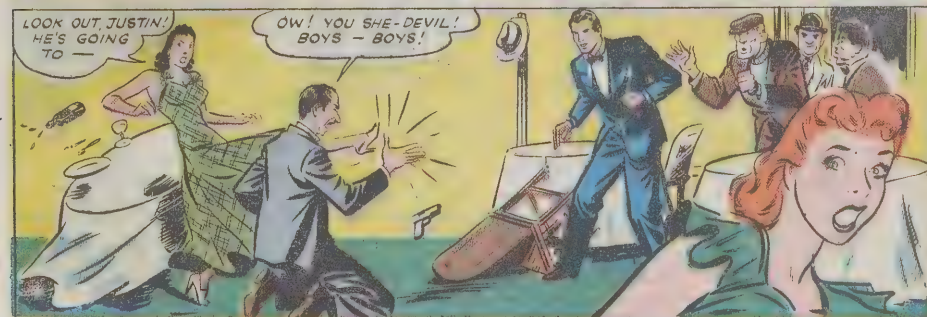
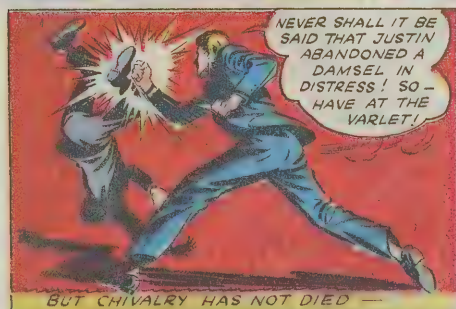
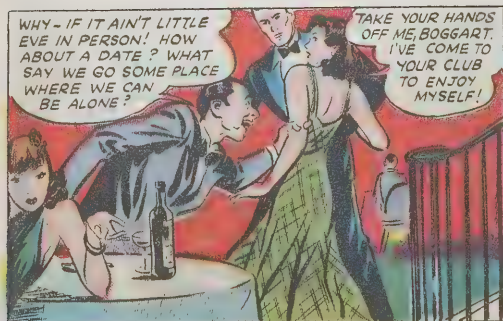


WORKING WITH THE SWIFT EASE
OF LONG PRACTICE — THESE
AERIAL PIRATES LOAD THE
PLUNDER ABOARD THEIR SHIPS!



BUT JUST THEN, INTO THE CITY MUSEUM WHERE JUSTIN WORKS AS ASSISTANT TO THE CURATOR, PROFESSOR BENSON—WALKS A GIRL—A GIRL WHO IS TO BRING THE SHINING KNIGHT A NUMBER OF ADVENTURES!



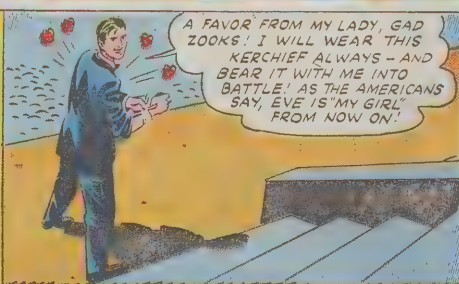




LIKE A DRUNKEN BAR FLY, THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE IS BOUNCED FROM THE NIGHT CLUB!



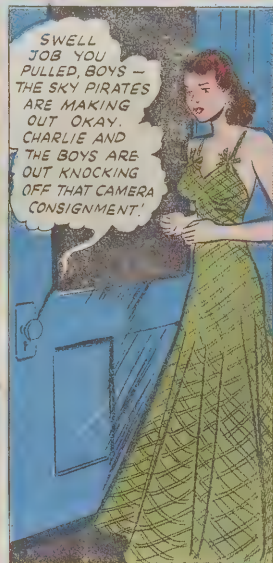
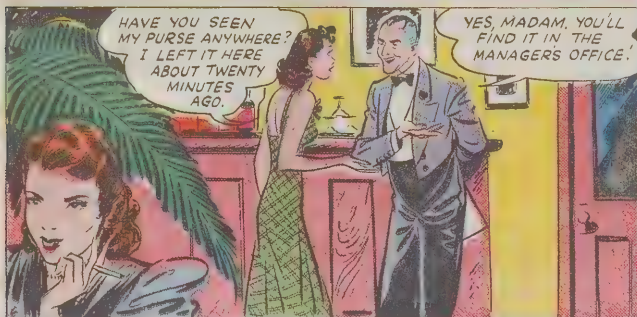
IN OLDEN TIMES, LADIES WOULD GIVE A FAVOR (USUALLY A HANDKERCHIEF) TO THEIR FAVORITE KNIGHT; IT WAS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM — OFTEN LOVE! — AND THE KNIGHT WAS SWORN TO DEFEND THE LADY WHOSE BADGE HE BORE.



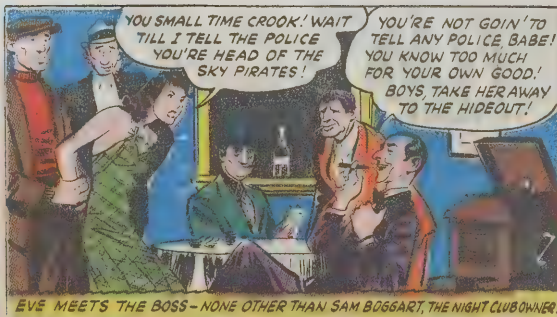
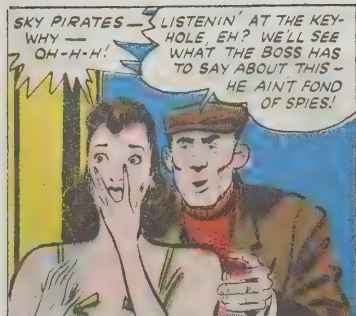
JUSTIN STANDS DAZED.... K.O'D BY A KISS!

OH — I'VE LEFT MY PURSE AT THE CLUB — AND MY MONTHLY ALLOWANCE IS IN IT! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET IT —

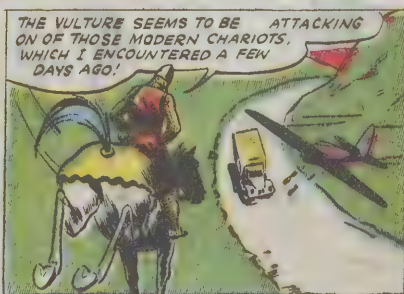
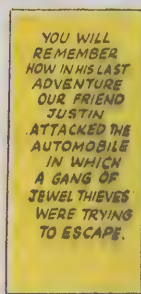
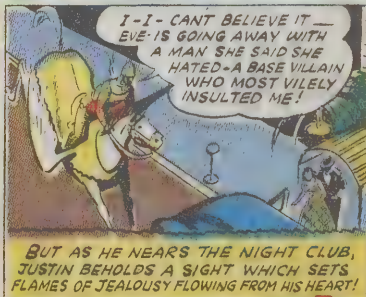
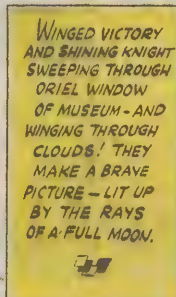
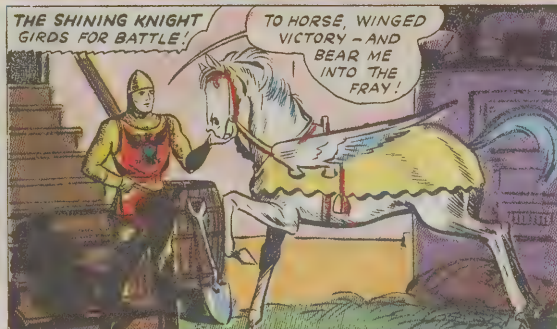
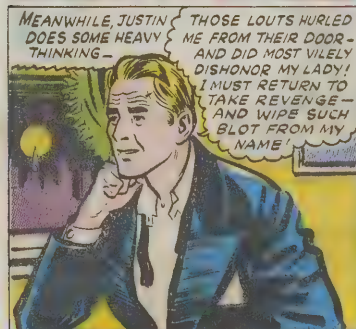
BUT EVE DISCOVERS THAT IN THE EXCITEMENT — !

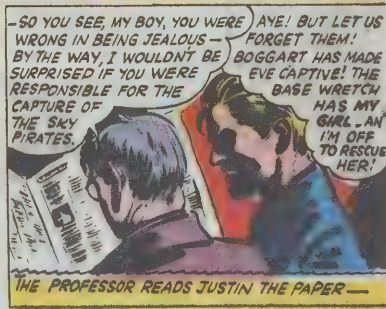
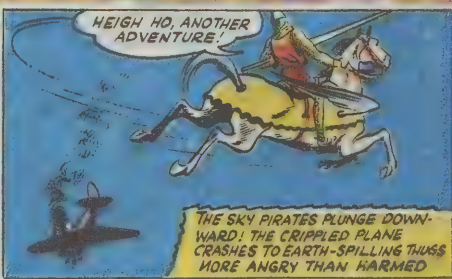
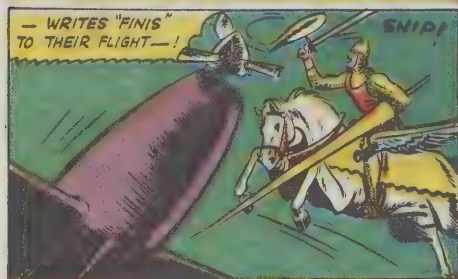
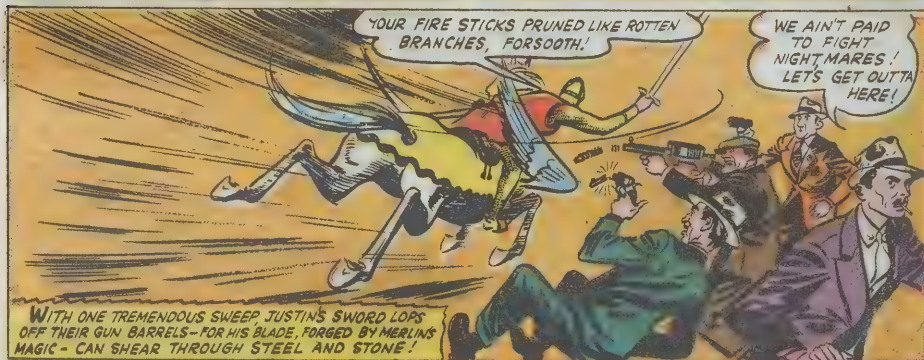
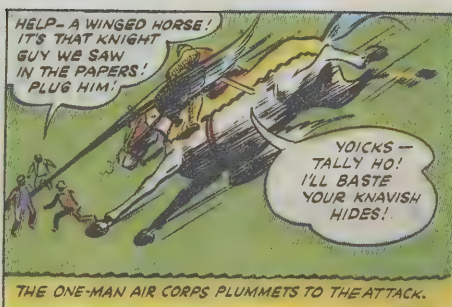
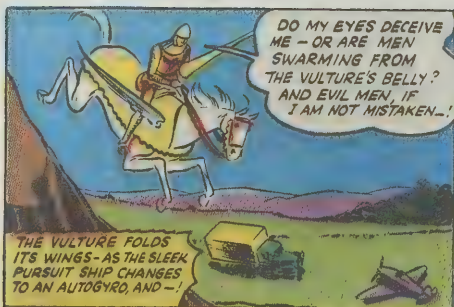


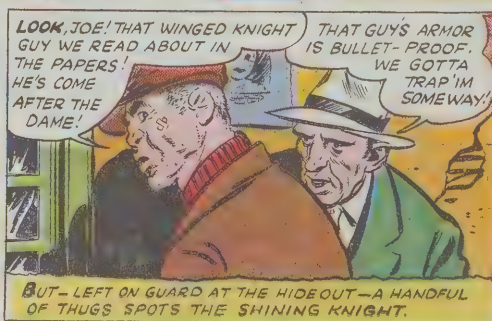
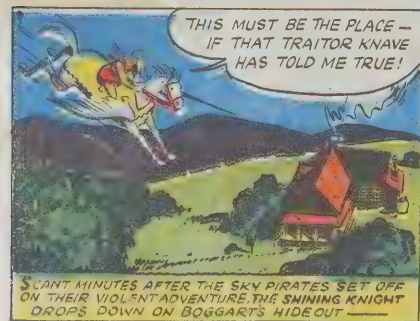
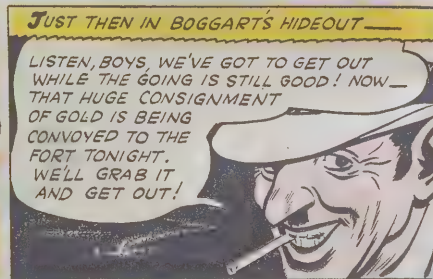
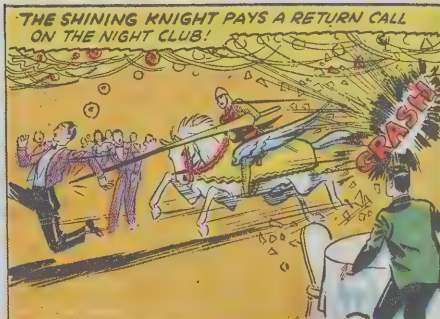
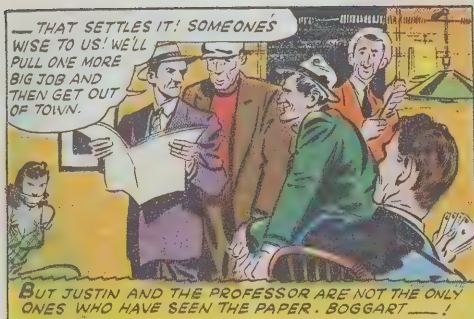
OUTSIDE THE DOOR, EVE PAUSES A MOMENT — PUZZLED — !

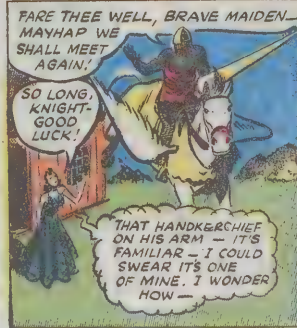
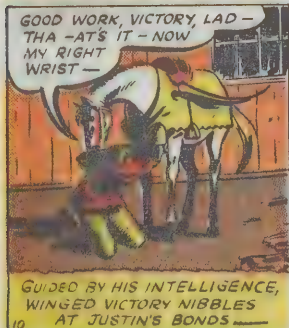
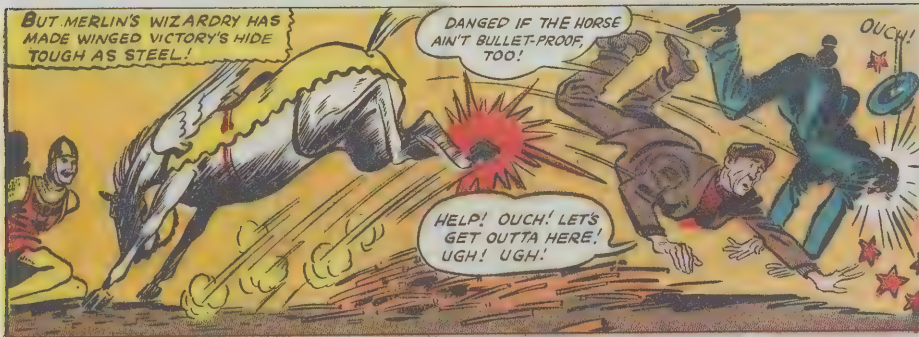
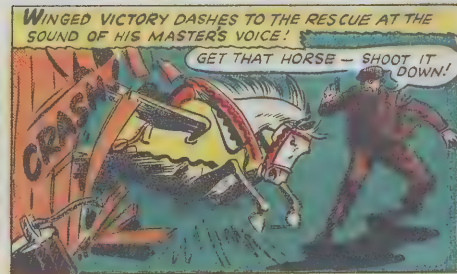
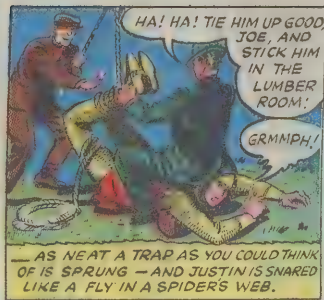


EVE MEETS THE BOSS — NONE OTHER THAN SAM BOGGART, THE NIGHT CLUB OWNER.

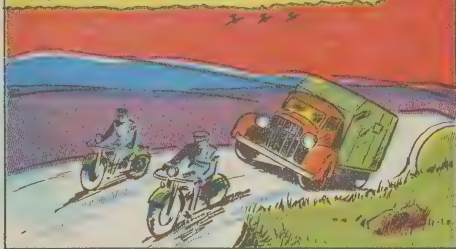








THE GOVERNMENT GOLD TRUCK RUMBLES
UNKNOWNLY TOWARDS ITS DATE WITH
THE PIRATES OF THE AIR.



AT THE SKY PIRATES HEADQUARTERS IN THE CLOUDS,
ABOARD AN AUTOGYRO, HOVERING ABOVE THE SCENE,
BOGGART DIRECTS OPERATIONS.



CALLING PLANE NO. ONE
— CALLING PLANE
NO. ONE — HELLO,
THAT YOU, FRED? —
ATTACK IN THREE
MINUTES!

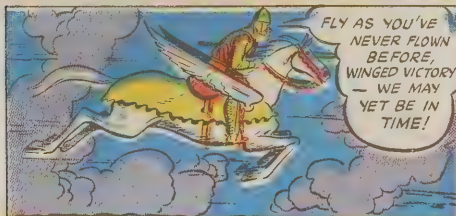


SPEWING TEAR GAS BOMBS, THE SKY VULTURES
ZOOM DOWN FOR THE KILL!

AS THE GUARDS PAW FRANTICALLY AT GAS TORTURED
EYES — THE SKY PIRATES SNARE THE TRUCK
IN A GIANT NET!

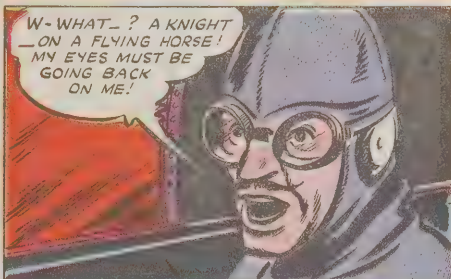


GAS! MY EYES!
I CAN'T SEE!



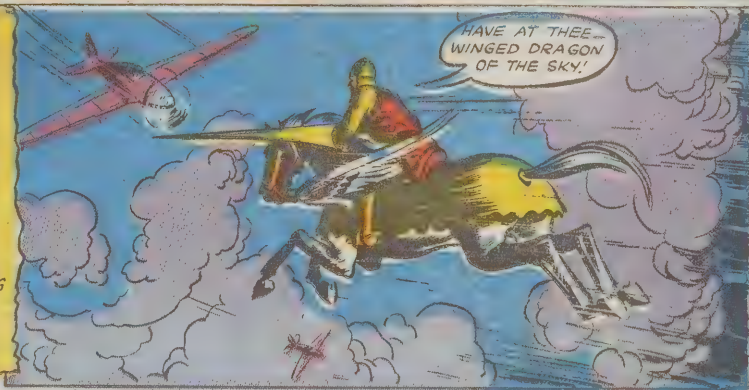
FLY AS YOU'VE
NEVER FLOWN
BEFORE,
WINGED VICTORY
— WE MAY
YET BE IN
TIME!

AT THE VERY MOMENT BOGGART RADIOS
ORDERS FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT — THE
SHINING KNIGHT MAKES HIS WINGED ENTRANCE.



W-WHAT...? A KNIGHT
— ON A FLYING HORSE!
MY EYES MUST BE
GOING BACK
ON ME!

NOW BEGINS
THE MOST
INCREDIBLE,
THE MOST UTTERLY
FANTASTIC
BATTLE THE
WORLD HAS
EVER SEEN —
A WINGED KNIGHT
OF THE PAST
HURTLES TO JOUST
WITH A TWENTIETH
CENTURY FIGHTING
MACHINE!



HAVE AT THEE —
WINGED DRAGON
OF THE SKY!



A MIGHTY CRASH RESOUNDS THUNDEROUSLY THROUGH THE CLOUDS—AS JUSTIN'S LANCE MEETS THE PROPELLOR!

THE CRIPPLED PLANE FALLS
DRAGGING DOWN A SECOND WITH IT!



THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS BAGGED
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE



ON, WINGED VICTORY—
THAT I MAY CLIP THE
WINGS FROM THE
LAST CARRION
CROW!

HIS BLADE BRANDISHED HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD, THIS VICTORIOUS KNIGHT
OF THE SKIES TILTS AT FULL GALLOP UPON THE THIRD SKY PIRATE!

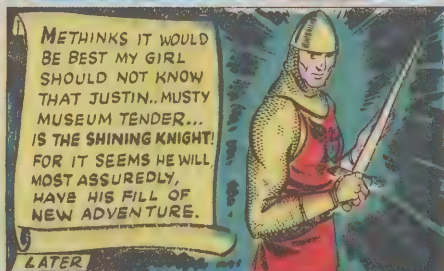
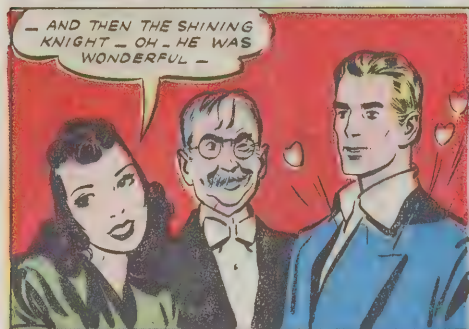
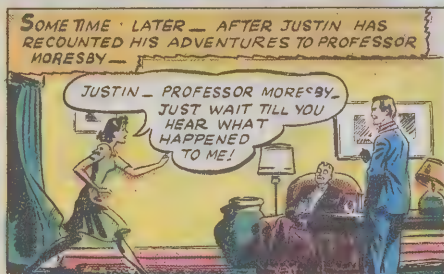
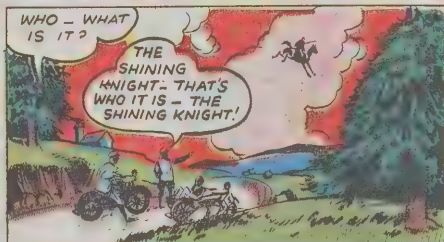
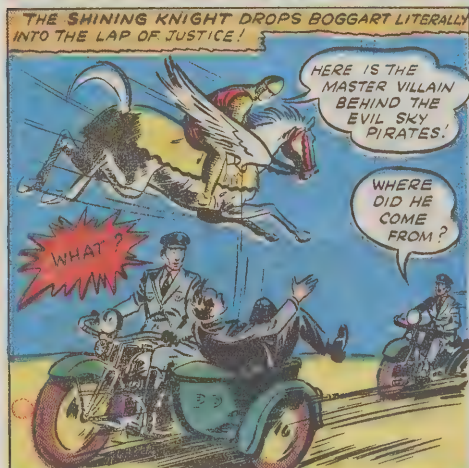
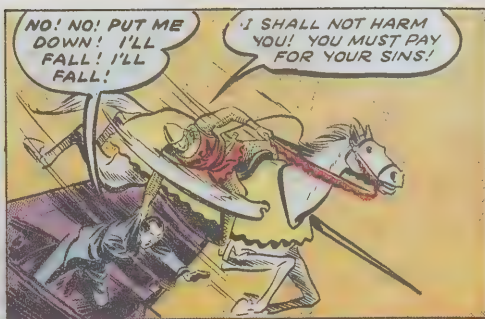
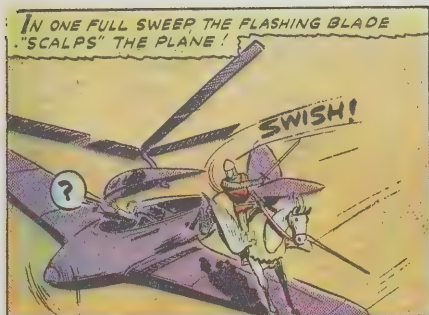


THAT
DOES IT!



AWK!
NOW HE'S
AFTER ME!
HE'LL KILL
ME!

FROM HIS HEADQUARTERS IN THE HARBORING HELICOPTER, THE FRANTIC
BOGGART VIEWS THE ROUT OF HIS MINIATURE AIR ARMADA!



NEXT MONTH - ANOTHER SMASH-HIT ESCAPE OF THAT
WINGED FAVORITE - THE SHINING KNIGHT! LOOK FOR HIM
IN NEXT MONTH'S THRILL - PACKED ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!



ENERGY TO PERFORM

ON thousands of farms, great motorized tractors now do the plowing, planting and many other tasks. For their propelling energy, they burn fuel.

Your body, too, burns fuel in the form of food . . . to enable you to walk, talk, run, work, study, and play.

Isn't it good to know that you obtain food-energy to help sustain your activities, every time you eat a delicious Curtiss **BABY RUTH**, Rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy!

Enjoy one NOW! Taste that smooth, opera cream center, dipped in tender, chewy caramel studded with crisp, fresh-toasted peanuts . . . all enrobed in a thick layer of rich, luscious coating. **SOME treat...Se.**

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH IN
DEXTROSE

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY
USES DIRECTLY FOR

ENERGY



Energy for Work



Energy for Play



Energy Anytime



**FIRST AND
ONLY CANDY
SERVED
"THE DIONNE
QUINTS"**

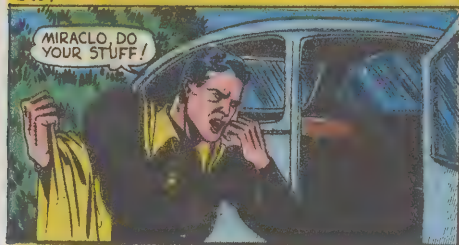
TICK-TOCK TYLER
(THE MAN OF THE HOUR)
AS THE

HOUR-MAN

by
BERNARD
BAILY



WHIPPING OFF HIS CLOTHES, REVEALING HIMSELF AS THE HOUR MAN, HE TAKES MIRACLO, HIS DISCOVERY, WHICH FOR ONE HOUR GIVES HIM EXTRA-HUMAN POWERS!



MIRACLO, DO YOUR STUFF!

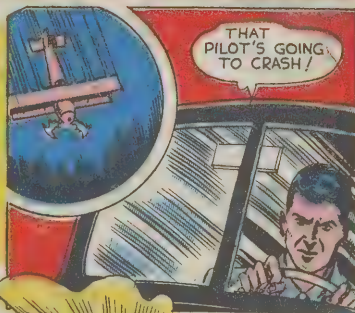


AS REX TYLER, THE HOUR MAN IS DELIVERING A CROP-SAVING CHEMICAL TO A SOUTHERN COUNTRY.



I HOPE THIS CHEMICAL WILL HELP THE FARMERS' CROPS! THIS COUNTRY NEEDS ALL THE RESERVE FOOD IT CAN GET!

SUDDENLY, OVERHEAD, A PLANE ENGINE SPUTTERS. THE HOUR MAN SENSES TROUBLE!

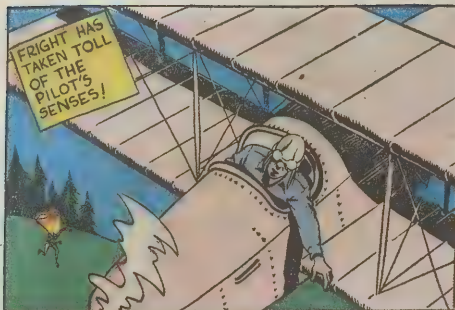


THAT PILOT'S GOING TO CRASH!

THE NEXT INSTANT, A FIGURE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT STREAKS TOWARD THE PLANE!



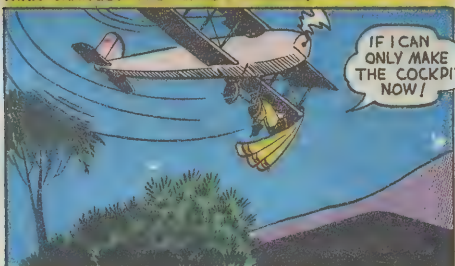
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?



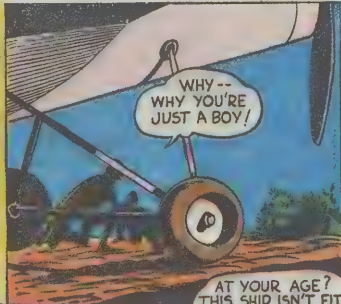
THE PLANE
ROARS
TOWARD
ALMOST
CERTAIN
DESTRUCTION.
AND THEN,
THE HOUR
MAN LEAPS-
HIS MUSCLES
TENSED FOR
ACTION!



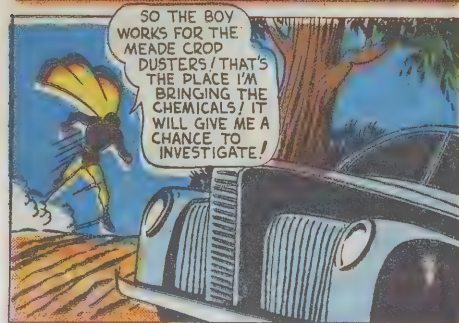
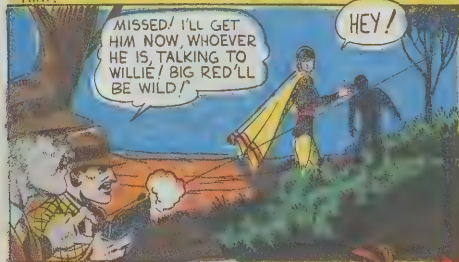
WITH A DESPERATE BURST OF STRENGTH, THE HOUR
MAN CHANGES THE PLANE'S COURSE!



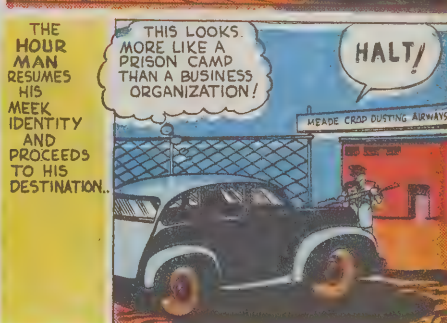
EXPERTLY,
THE HOUR
MAN SETS
THE ANCIENT
SHIP DOWN
AND TURNS
HIS
ATTENTION
TO THE
PILOT.



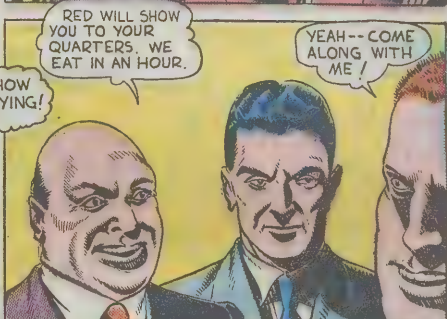
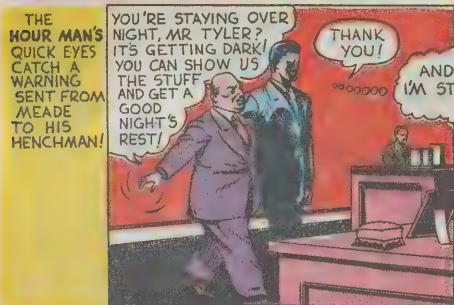
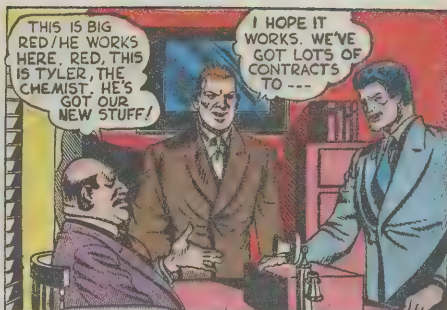
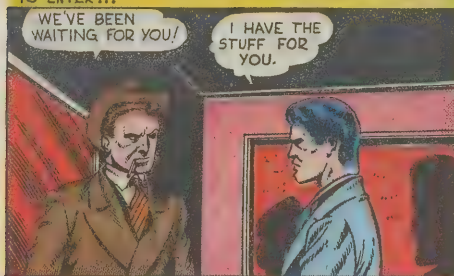
A SHARP REPORT RINGS OUT FROM PART OF THE WIND-BREAK / THE HOUR MAN HEARS A BULLET WHIZ BY HIM!



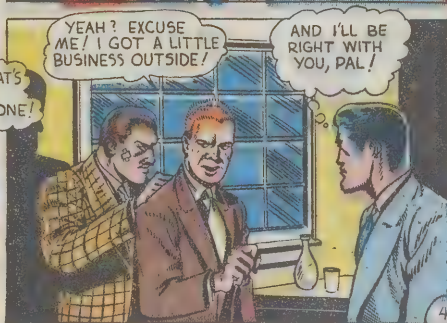
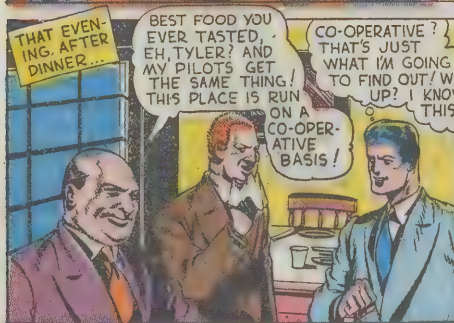
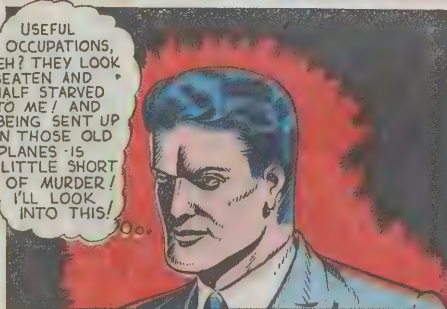
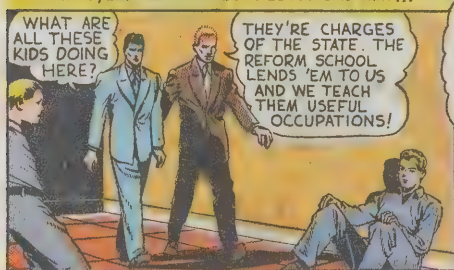
ANGERED, THE HOUR MAN CHARGES THE GUARDS, HIS SPEED SO GREAT THAT THE TRIGGER CANNOT BE TOUCHED AGAIN!



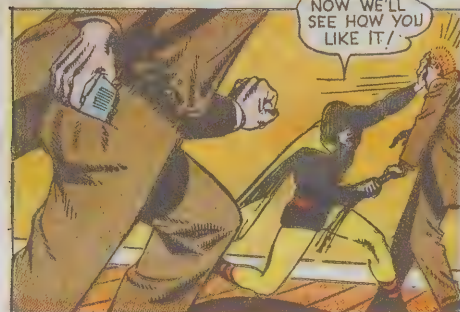
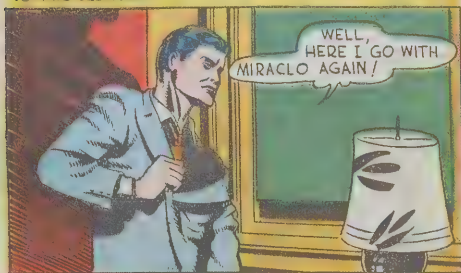
EXPLAINING HIS ERRAND, THE HOUR MAN IS PERMITTED TO ENTER...

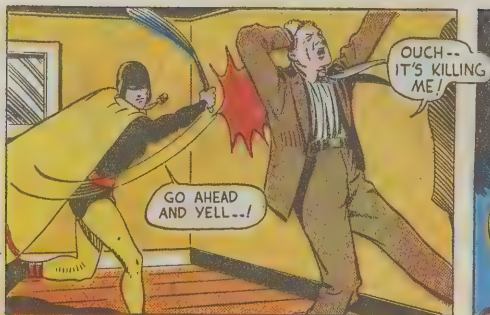


AS THEY GO TO THE ROOM, THE HOUR MAN NOTICES YOUTHFUL, EMACIATED FACES ALL AROUND HIM...



PLEADING FATIGUE THE *HOUR MAN* MAKES HIS WAY TO HIS ROOM...





AS THE DOOR OPENS, THE HOUR MAN SCOOPS UP THE INJURED BOY...

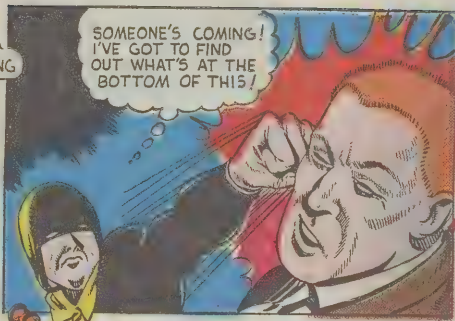
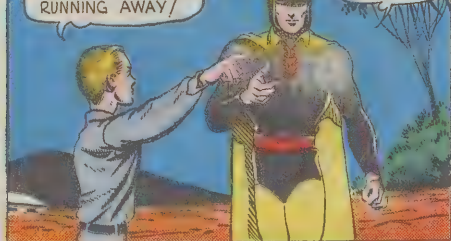


QUICKLY, THE HOUR MAN OUTDISTANCES HIS PURSUERS, SPEEDS TO A CORNER OF THE AIRPORT.



BUT YOU CAN'T GET OUT! THE WIRES ARE CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY TO KEEP US FROM RUNNING AWAY!

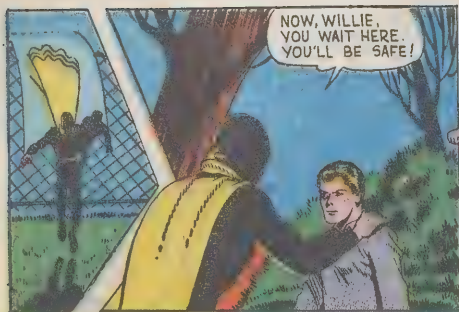
JUST WATCH ME AND HANG ON TIGHTLY!



MEADE GETS US PUT HERE FROM THE REFORM SCHOOL HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE TEACHING US TRADES! INSTEAD, HE SHOWS US HOW TO FLY A PLANE AND WE DUST CROPS! FIVE--FIVE--OF US HAVE BEEN KILLED!

THE RATS! I THINK I'LL SEE THE GOVERNOR!

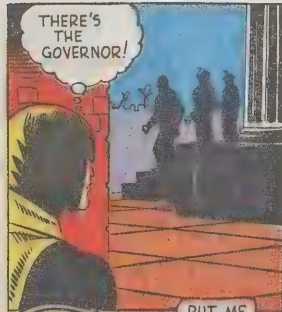




NOW, WILLIE,
YOU WAIT HERE.
YOU'LL BE SAFE!



THE FIVE MILES INTO
TOWN ARE MERELY A
WARM-UP FOR THE
HOUR MAN...



THERE'S
THE
GOVERNOR!

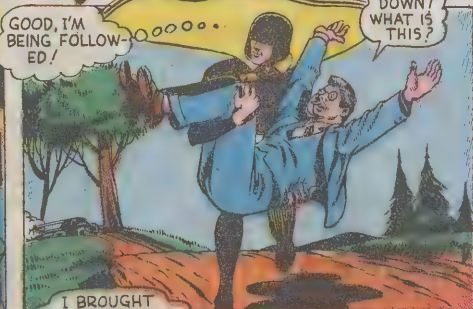
BEFORE THE STARTLED CROWD REALIZES WHAT IS
HAPPENING, THE HOUR MAN SEIZES HIM!



?

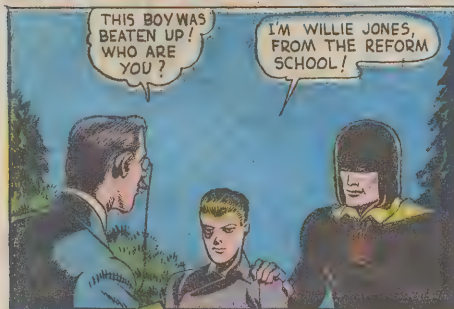
PARDON ME, BUT
IT'S URGENT!

WOT-
?



GOOD, I'M
BEING FOLLOW-
ED!

PUT ME
DOWN!
WHAT IS
THIS?



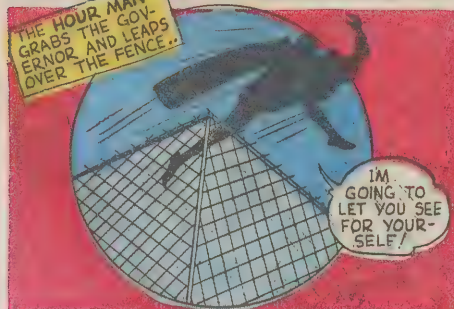
THIS BOY WAS
BEATEN UP!
WHO ARE
YOU?

I'M WILLIE JONES,
FROM THE REFORM
SCHOOL!



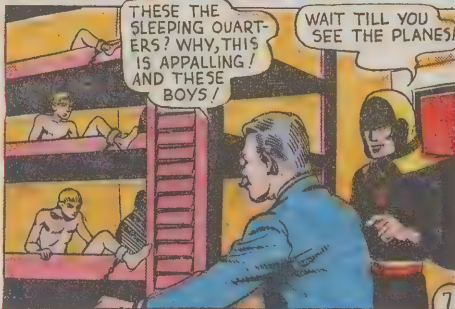
I BROUGHT
YOU HERE TO SEE
CONDITIONS FOR
YOURSELF!

IMPOSSIBLE! I HAVE
RECEIVED ONLY GOOD
REPORTS FROM MY
MEN HERE!



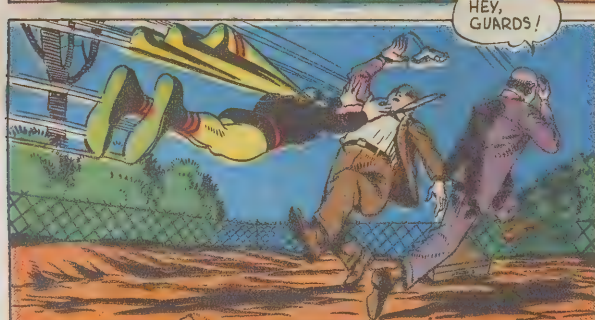
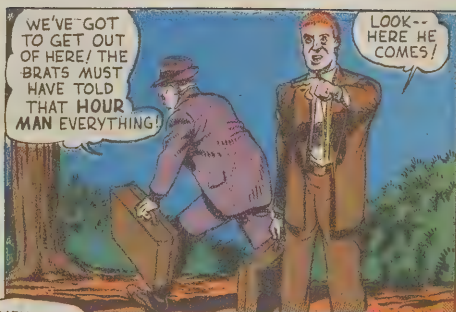
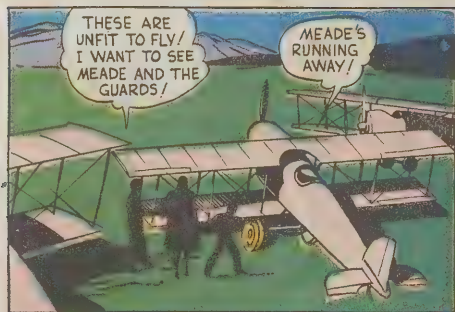
THE HOUR MAN
GRABS THE GOV-
ERNOR AND LEAPS
OVER THE FENCE...

I'M
GOING TO
LET YOU SEE
FOR YOUR-
SELF!

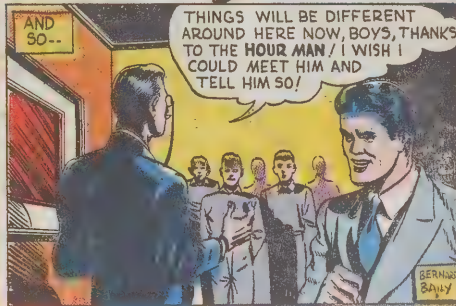
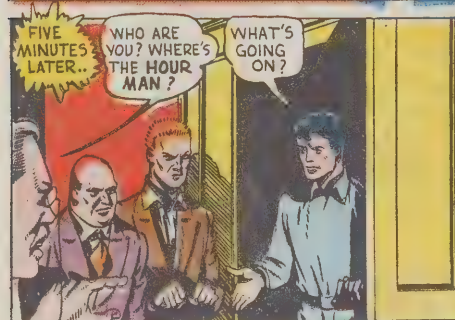
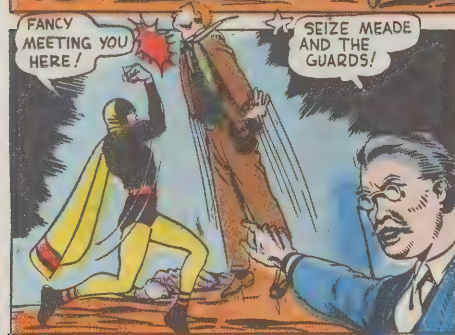
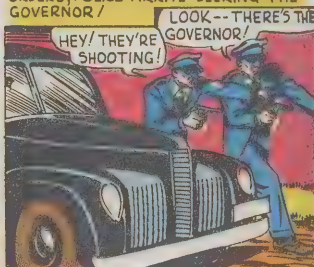


THESE THE
SLEEPING QUART-
ERS? WHY, THIS
IS APPALLING!
AND THESE
BOYS!

WAIT TILL YOU
SEE THE PLANES!



AS THE GUARDS PREPARE TO OBEY ORDERS, POLICE ARRIVE SEEKING THE GOVERNOR!



GOOD BOOKS AND MOVIES

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK,**

staff advisor, Children's Book Committee

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

COURAGE OVER THE ANDES. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. John C. Winston Co. \$2.00

DICK WEATHERBY was at college because his father wanted him to be a lawyer. But the great whaling vessels tied up in New York harbor interested him far more than his law books. And then, suddenly, his father died, and Dick had to leave college to work for an uncle he hated. He remembered that his father's friend, off to the Ar-

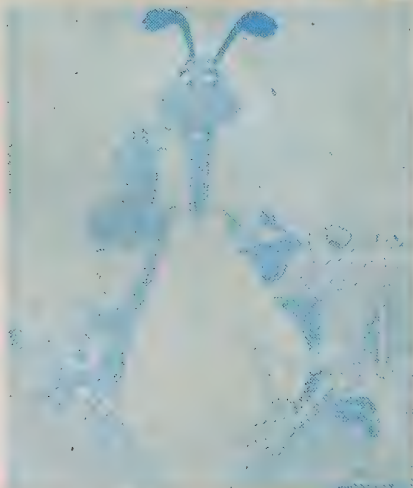
gentine, had invited him to come to South America. A whaling ship lay ready to sail, and Dick shipped aboard as a handy-boy.

The high seas were dangerous to American sailing men in that troubled year of 1812. Captured by Peruvian privateers, Dick made a daring escape, swimming the icy waters to the Chilean shore. Here he found himself drawn into Chile's fight to free herself from the Peruvian Royalists who were being aided by

Spain. In spite of many dangers which beset him, Dick made his way to Santiago to get help from the New England sailors imprisoned at Talcahuano. With a force of Chilean patriots, he returned to fight, not only to free his companions but to free Chile as well. Dick proved himself both brave and resourceful, and through it all he knew that "freedom is worth fighting for." That was the message he brought back to President Madison and Secretary Monroe.

THIS MONTH'S MOVIE THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

A Walt Disney Production, with Robert Benchley



The Dragon, Sir Giles and the Boy enjoy a quiet cup of tea after the big battle. A scene from Walt Disney's "The Reluctant Dragon."

IF YOU want to know the inside of how Walt Disney's animated cartoons are made, go to see this picture. It shows you, in fascinating and humorous detail, the drawing, the animating, the photographing, the sound effects, the blending of colors for Technicolor—all that goes into the making of a Disney picture. By the time you get to *The Reluctant Dragon*, who is really the hero of the piece, not only will your sides be aching with laughter, but you will have watched the making of a "short" of *Baby Weems*, an animated story of a railroad wreck with wonderful sound effects, and a hilarious lesson on how to ride a horse.

As for the Dragon himself: Well—neither he nor the dragon-killer, Sir Giles, really likes to fight. But between them they cook up a pretty good imitation of a battle. The dragon does his fire-breathing stuff, and Sir Giles flourishes his spear, and so the terrified villagers are satisfied and the Boy is satisfied, and Sir Giles and the Dragon can finish their tea in peace. It's all very funny and full of surprises. Don't miss it!

WEST JOKES

by Ray McGinn



15 Pan American Sets 10c

To attract approval applicants of the better type, we are making the following amazing offer:
From our good neighbors in the Western Hemisphere 15 sets from 15 countries; Mexico 729-33 complete, Canada Royal Visit complete, Puerto Rico 83-86, Barbados 166-67, Newfoundland 2 values, Colombia RA3-4, Bolivia Fawn 2 values, Peru map and Pictorial, Guatemala 273, etc.; 3 values, Brazil values, Chile 190-201, Paraguay commemoratives 2 values, Ecuador RA41 complete, Cuba 1917, 5 values, Jamaica 2 values.

We will send all these for only 10c to sincere approval applicants. Kindly state whether you wish "On Approval" singles or sets or both.

Approval Merchants
GLOBUS STAMP CO.

268 - 4th Avenue, New York City Dept. 237

FREE! GIANT & MIDGET TRIANGLES
from Bolivia and Siberia, also STAMP COLLECTION from Cannibal Island, Arabia, Thailand, Treasure Island, Mosquito stamp, smallest stamp, etc.—all FREE with approvals for 3c postage.

SEMINOLE STAMP CO. Baltimore, Md.

LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE STAMP—FREE!
STAMP COLLECTION including above, also Snake Stamp, Silver Jubilee, Memorial stamp, Gobi Desert, Devil's Island, set 50 yr. old U. S., etc.—all FREE with approvals for 3c postage.

PILGRIM STAMP CO. Baltimore, Md.

U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

Drop us a postcard and we will send you by return mail a fine selection of commemorative, airmails and revenues. Write today.

HUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 228
1227 Chelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE! ELEPHANT TRIANGLE STAMP
from Liberia, also STAMP COLLECTION including Will Rogers, Airmail, Irish George Washington stamp, Abyssinia, Sahara, Pirate Islands, South Seas, Ships, etc. ALL FREE with approvals for 3c postage.

MONUMENTAL STAMP CO. Baltimore, Md.

55 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES
including Airmails, Commemoratives, colls, Presidentials, revenues, 19th century, etc. Free price lists. All for only 10c to approval applicants.
W. O. BOOKMAN, Box 146-D, Maplewood, N. J.

ASCENSION—FIJI—NIUE

Papua, scarce African Airmail, "Hard-to-get" stamps from Eritrea, Pahang, Selangor, Tanganyika, Mauritius, Kenya, Vatican City, South Sea Islands, Africa, So. America, and many more countries, mostly British Colonies in Big Packet, all diff. stamps to approval applicants.

KENWOOD STAMP CO. Glendale, Calif.
433-A W. Stocker

U.S. \$1, \$2, \$4, \$5 STAMPS

And 10 diff. foreign \$1 stamps with Big List of Bargains. To approval applicants for 5c.

BASCOM HUMPHREY
3108 Cloverleaf San Antonio, Texas

55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c
including Airmails, Commemoratives, colls, Presidentials, revenues, 19th century, etc., to approval applicants. Free price lists.

W. O. BOOKMAN, Box 146-D, Maplewood, N. J.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 7c
COMPLETE SET

TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS ONLY
L. W. BROWN Dept. "D" MARION, MICH.

BIG PACKET OF TRIANGLES, AIR MAILS, AND SCARCE STAMPS
from CONGO LIBERIA, INDO-CHINA, DANZIG, SIAM, EGYPT, SO. AMERICA, etc. PLUS—How to get FREE albums, sets, packets, supplies, etc. All for 5c to approval applicants.
Glendale Stamp Co., 800G N. Orange, Glendale, Cal.

STEVE CONRAD ADVENTURER

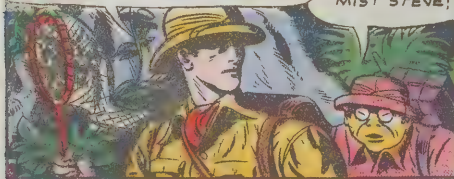
THE MYSTERIOUS AFRICAN VELDT YIELDS A STRANGE SECRET OF WHITE MAN'S GREED WHEN STEVE CONRAD, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, METES OUT SWIFT JUNGLE JUSTICE!



THE SUN IS A MOLTEN COPPER BOWL AS TWO INTREPID GLOBE-TROTTERS SLASH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, BENT ON A STRANGE QUEST...

CATCHING RARE INSECTS FOR THE MUSEUM IS HARDER WORK THAN I EVER IMAGINED, CHANG!

ALL WE CATCHUM IS TIRE FEET, MIST' STEVE!



THE TWO MEN SPEED TO THE AID OF THE JUNGLE DERELICT...

WE'RE TOO LATE! THIS MAN IS DYING.

WATCH OUT-- THE RUBIES-- OF THE SUN--



SUDDENLY, STEVE SIGHTS A FRAIL FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE!

LOOK-- A MAN LOST IN THE JUNGLE!!

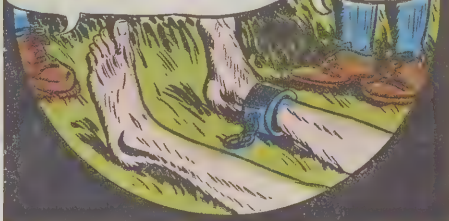
HE NO LOOKING FOR FLIES, IF YOU ASK ME.

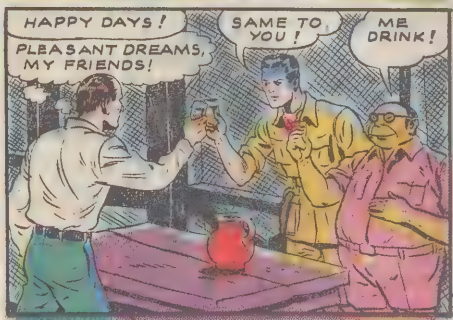
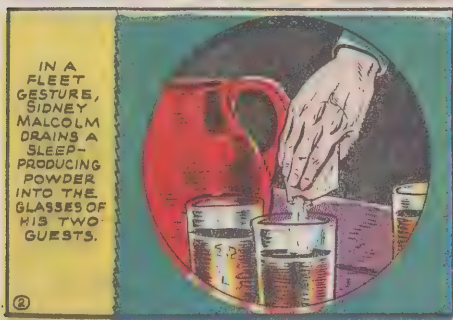
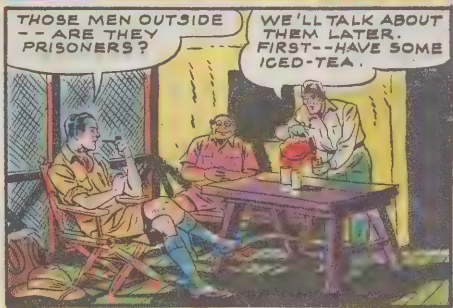
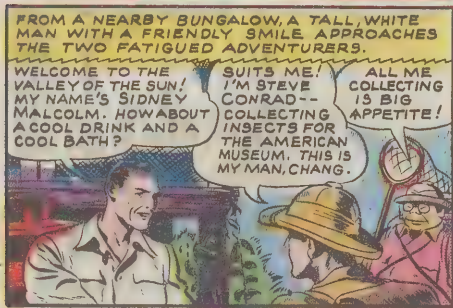
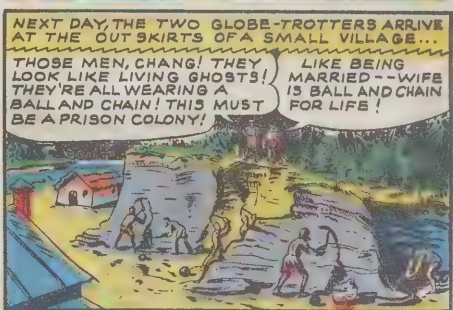
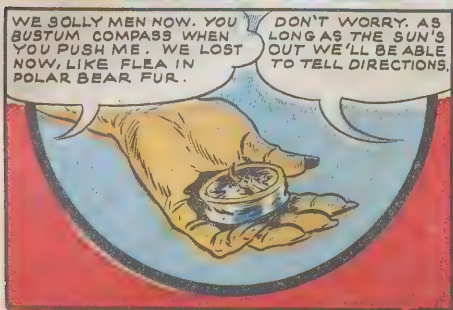
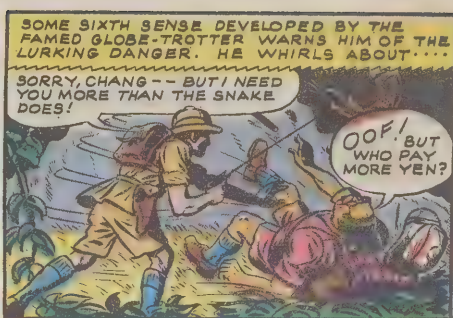
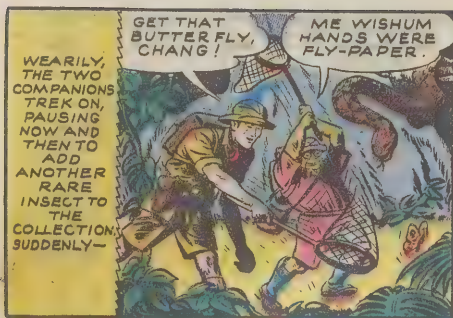
HELP! HELP!!

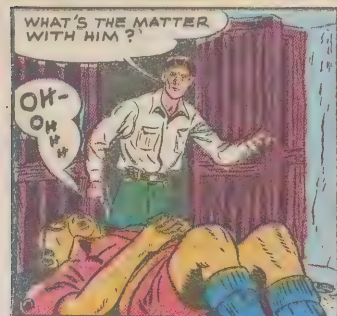
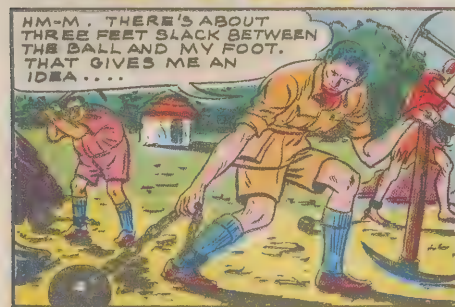
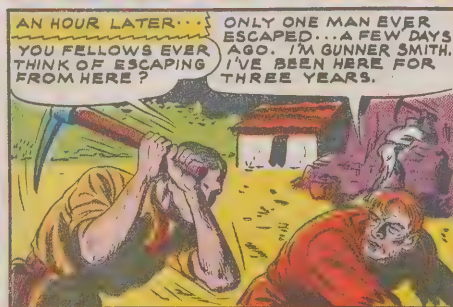
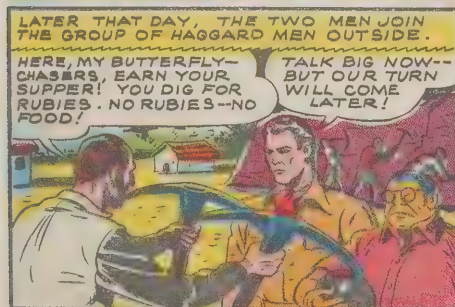
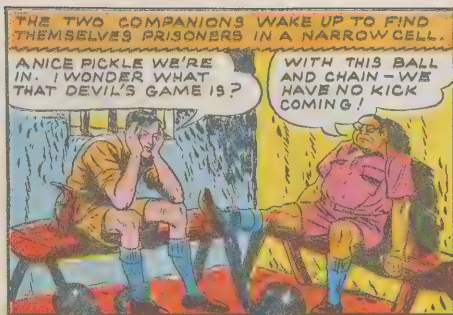
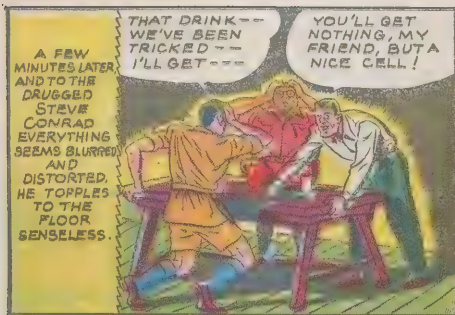


CHANG-- LOOK AT HIS ANKLE! A STEEL CHAIN. THIS MAN WAS ESCAPING FROM SOMEWHERE! I WONDER-- FROM WHAT...?

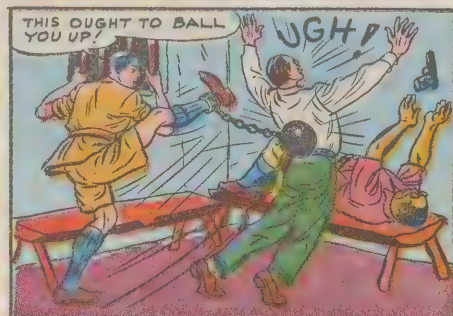
NOW WE FIND MISSING LINK!

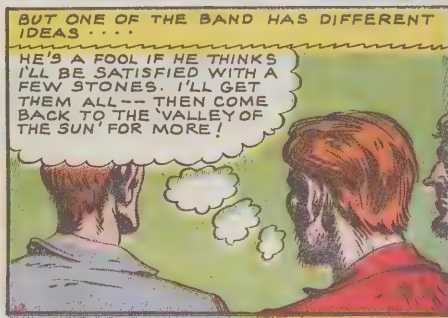
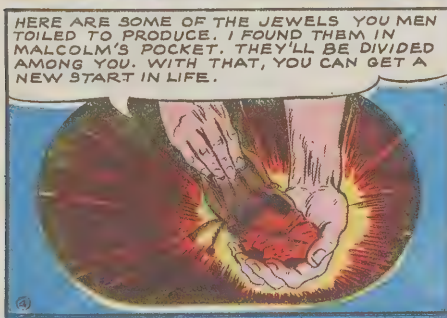
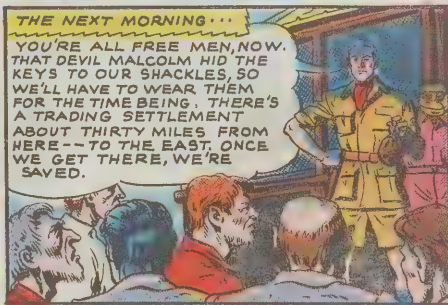
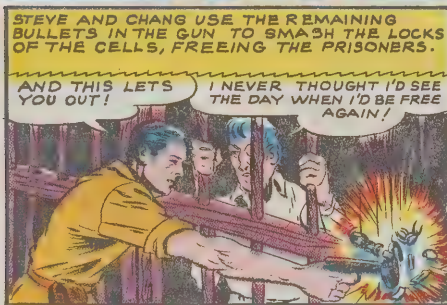
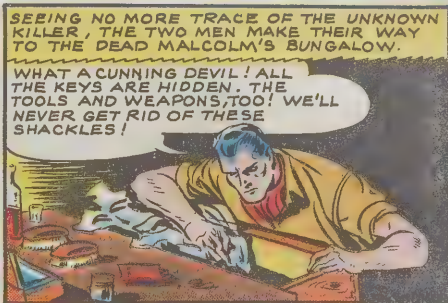
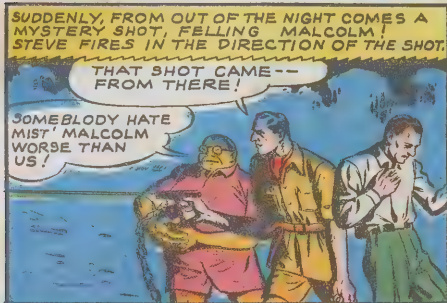
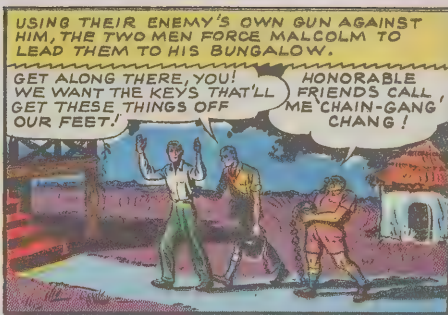
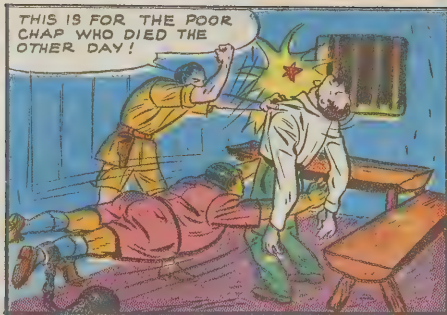






AS MALCOLM BENDS OVER CHANGS COT...





LATER THAT DAY, AS THE MEN FOLLOW STEVE CONRAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

ONE LESS TO SHARE WITH!



THE MYSTERY KILLER STRIKES AGAIN DURING THE LONG JOURNEY, CAUSING STEVE TO CONSULT WITH CHANG.

I'M WORRIED, CHANG! ONE OF THE MEN WITH US IS A KILLER! HE SHOT MALCOLM LAST NIGHT AND HE'S DONE AWAY WITH TWO OF THE OTHERS DURING THE LAST FEW HOURS. WHO IS HE?

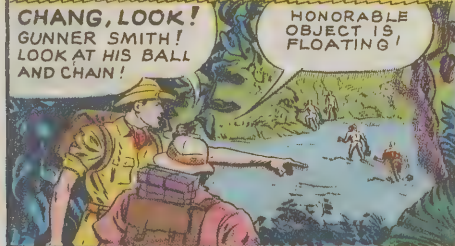
AS MAN SAY WHEN DAGGER MISS HIM, I DON'T GET IT!



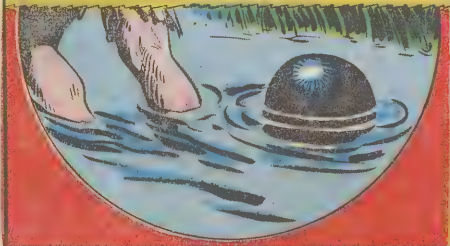
STEVE CONTINUES TO LEAD HIS FOLLOWERS EAST, GUIDED BY THE SUN. PRESENTLY THE MEN COME TO A STREAM.

CHANG, LOOK! GUNNER SMITH! LOOK AT HIS BALL AND CHAIN!

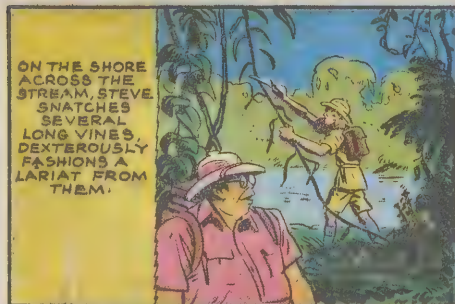
HONORABLE OBJECT IS FLOATING!



STEVE CONRAD'S KEEN OBSERVATION IS CORRECT. THE HEAVY, METAL BALL IS MYSTERIOUSLY FLOATING!



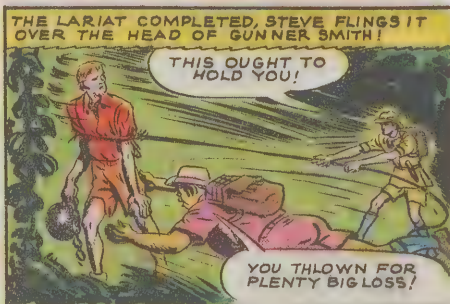
ON THE SHORE ACROSS THE STREAM, STEVE SNATCHES SEVERAL LONG VINES, DEXTEROUSLY FASHIONS A LARIAT FROM THEM.



THE LARIAT COMPLETED, STEVE FLINGS IT OVER THE HEAD OF GUNNER SMITH!

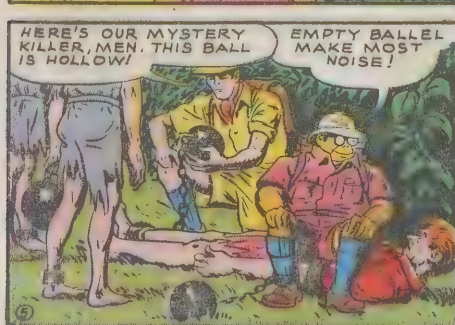
THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU!

YOU THROWN FOR PLENTY BIGLOSS!



HERE'S OUR MYSTERY KILLER, MEN. THIS BALL IS HOLLOW!

EMPTY BALLEL MAKE MOST NOISE!



HE MUST HAVE WORKED FOR MONTHS, HOLLOWING OUT THIS BALL. HOW HE DID IT, I DON'T KNOW! PERHAPS HE USED THE DIAMONDS IN HERE TO CUT THE METAL. HE MUST HAVE STOLEN A GUN FROM MALCOLM'S BUNGALOW, DECIDED TO USE IT WHEN THE TIME WAS RIPE.

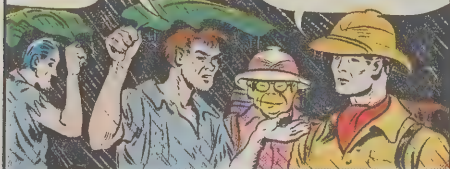


YEAH -- AND I WOULD HAVE GOT ALL THE RUBIES IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!

THAT NIGHT... A SEVERE RAINSTORM USHERS IN THE JUNGLE RAINY SEASON, BLOTING OUT THE MOONLIGHT.

WE'RE SUNK! THIS RAIN WILL LAST FOR DAYS. AND WE HAVE NO COMPASS. HOW WILL WE FIND OUR WAY?

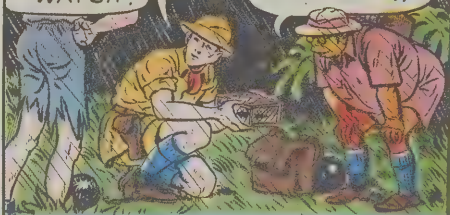
WE WON'T NEED A COMPASS, THE SUN OR THE MOON TO HELP US GET OUR BEARINGS!



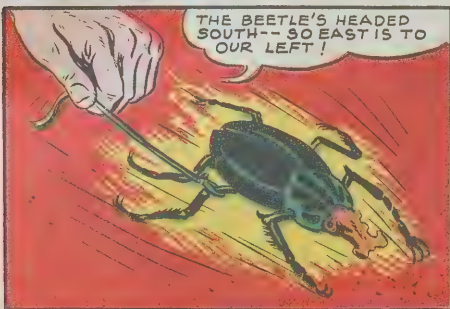
STEVE EXTRACTS A WIRE-MESHED BOX FROM HIS PACK, CONTAINING A STRANGE INSECT.

THIS BEETLE WILL SAVE US, MEN! WATCH!

HIM CLAZY. BEETLE NO TALK AMERICAN!!



THE BEETLE'S HEADED SOUTH-- SO EAST IS TO OUR LEFT!



WONDERINGLY, THE MEN FOLLOW STEVE THROUGH THE RAIN, AMAZED AT THE VETERAN EXPLORERS FAITH IN THE BEETLE.

BY AND BY, BEETLE TELL US HOW TO PLAY BLIDGE, HUH?

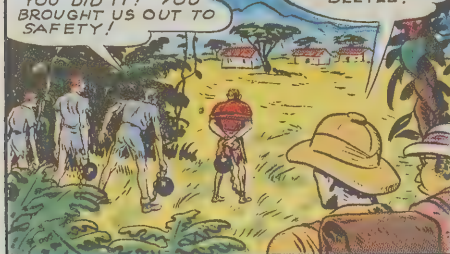
DON'T LAUGH, CHANG. THIS BEETLE WILL BE YOUR PAL FOR LIFE!



HOURS LATER...

YOU DID IT! YOU BROUGHT US OUT TO SAFETY!

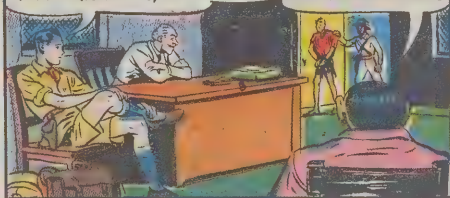
DON'T THANK ME. THANK THE BEETLE!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE COLONIAL GOVERNOR...

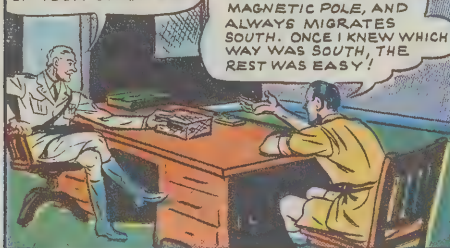
IT SURE FEELS GREAT--TO BE RID OF THAT BALL AND CHAIN AT LAST. AND HERE'S THE PRISONER, SIR.

HIM SPIDER-- BUT WE NO CAN ADD TO OUR COLLECTION!



CAN YOU TELL ME HOW DID THIS BEETLE TAKE THE PLACE OF YOUR COMPASS?

THIS INSECT IS KNOWN AS THE BEETLE TELEPHORUS; IT HAS A NATURAL ATTRACTION FOR THE MAGNETIC POLE, AND ALWAYS MIGRATES SOUTH. ONCE I KNEW WHICH WAY WAS SOUTH, THE REST WAS EASY!



WELL, CHANG, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MR. BEETLE NOW?

CHANG NOT WORTH TO WALK IN FRONT OF HONORABLE INSECT'S SHADOW!



THE END

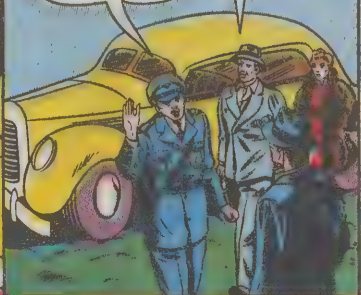
FEDERAL MEN

THE SPY: DEADLY ENEMY OF DEMOCRACY, THE HIDDEN FOE WHO STRIKES IN THE DARK, SPREADING TERROR ON ALL SIDES. IT IS THE DUTY OF FEDERAL MEN TO STAMP THEM OUT, AND SO WE FIND STEVE CARSON.....

ON THE GOVERNMENT PROVING GROUNDS IN DELAWARE, WHERE A NEW DYNAMITE IS BEING TRIED OUT....

SO THEY ASSIGNED YOU TO THIS, STEVE! MEET MR. WILLKIE, STEVE CARSON.

GLAD TO KNOW YOU. THIS IS MY SECRETARY, MISS BURNS.



SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS STEVE CARSON!

JUST AN F.B.I. MEMBER. EXCUSE ME. I SEE CAPTAIN ERNST WANTS TO GET ON WITH THIS. COMING ALONG?



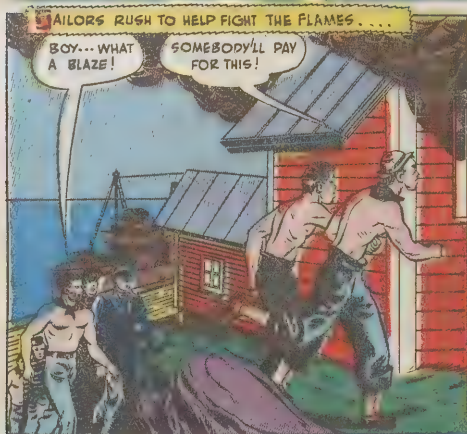
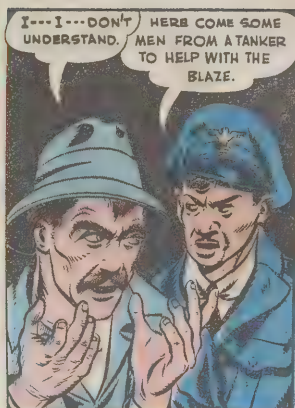
DEAR ME, NO. THOSE BLASTS SIMPLY TERRIFY ME. I'LL SEE YOU LATER. I'LL JUST SIT HERE.

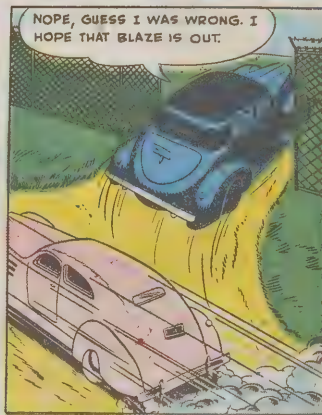


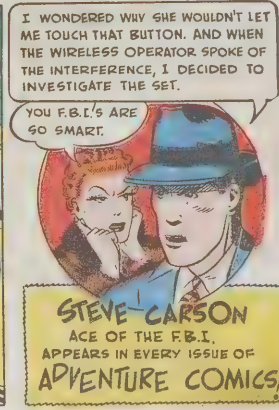
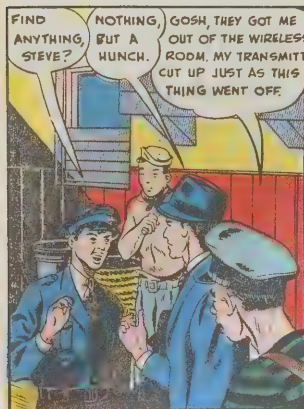
THE BLAST IS SET JUST WHERE THOSE GOATS ARE, WILLKIE.

THEY'LL SURE GET A SURPRISE, WELL-- HERE GOES!









P A I N T J O B

by Edgar Weston



FESS' fingers trembled, not from the cold, but from nervousness as he opened the purse he had stolen from the corner saloon when the woman went along the phone booth. It had been lying on a chair near the bar and the bartender's back had been turned. Fess had placed it under his coat and hastened out to the safety of the garret he used as a studio when he painted. Which was not often these days.

His eyes popped as he saw the wad of greenbacks, over two hundred dollars. This would be enough to keep him all winter. It would teach the woman, whoever she was, not to leave her purse lying around.

That was the way Fess appeared what little conscience he had. His ferret-like eyes drank in the beauty of the

money. In a day or so he would close the studio and go away.

Idly now, Fess' fingers probed again into the bag, turned it inside out. His eyes popped as he saw the diamond earring glistening among the lipstick, the cigarettes, and the matches the bag disgorged. The attachment piece on the ear-ring was broken.

Fess gloated as he looked at the find. Even his scant knowledge of gem values was enough to show him that the diamond was costly. He smiled. There was a fence downtown, a dealer in stolen pictures, who would buy the diamond.

There was a regal air about Fess as he helped himself to one of the stolen cigarettes. He was inhaling deeply and luxuriously as the bell rang.

Startled, Fess leaped to his

feet. Who could be wanting to see him? He expected no one. Hastily, he rushed over to the bag, which he had left lying alongside his paints. His nervous fingers scooped the contents back into it and he stuffed the bag beneath the black covering of the model's stand. Then he pressed the downstairs buzzer.

The caller was a man. He smiled in friendly fashion as Fess opened the door. The latter felt suddenly weak as the man said: "Mr. Fess? My name's Rooney. I'm a detective in the 14th Precinct."

"Yes?" Fess' voice was tremulous. How had they found out? No one had seen him, he was sure of that. But now—

The room started to swim around. The detective, noticing, said: "Say, what's the matter? You look sick. Maybe I ought to come back some other time."

Fess snatched at his words as a drowning man reaching for a straw. The detective wasn't after him; he wanted something! Fess' bravado returned. "It's all right," he said. "I get a fainting spell every now and then." He forced a smile. "Don't tell me you're selling tickets to the policeman's ball."

The man grinned, walked into the studio. His eyes roamed over the paintings. "No," he said, "Nothing like that. Matter of fact, I just took a bachelor apartment around here. And I like pictures. My landlord said maybe I could buy one from you. I can't pay much," he said, apologetically. "You know how it is with us."

Fess knew. Yes, he thought, you want me to give you a picture. Aloud, he said: "Well, you can look around. But I don't think you'll find much to interest you." He went over to a corner, brought out some pictures. The detective was standing before a head Fess had completed just that morning. He turned as Fess came up with the pictures and, backing away, brushed the new portrait. "Look out!" Fess cried, warningly.

"That's still wet."

The detective looked at his sleeve. "So I see," he said, ruefully. "I'm sorry."

Fess hid his chagrin. The clumsy fool! "It's all right," he said. "I can touch it up. Here, look these over."

Fess fidgeted as the detective scrutinized the pictures. He wished the man would make up his mind and leave. Finally, the detective spoke. "I don't know," he said, dubiously, "but it seems to me that picture there is just right." He pointed at the head on the easel. "I don't suppose you'd want to sell that, even the way it's spoiled."

Fess didn't want to sell it. Not to a detective when a love story magazine would pay a hundred dollars for it as a cover. But if it would get the detective out. . . .

"It's not spoiled," Fess said. "Here, I'll brush it up and you can have it." He went over to his paints, scooped up a wad of yellow. In a few minutes he was finished. "Take it," he said. "It's yours."

The detective was still voicing his thanks as he went out, picture under his arm. It was a few minutes before he received enough strength to grope for the bag beneath the model platform. He wanted money to buy a new valise. In the morning, he

would leave for Florida, but before going, he'd stop in and see the fence.

Morning found Fess in a happy frame of mind. Singing to himself, Fess shaved and showered. Then, he packed leisurely and at last was ready. For this moment, he had saved the biggest thrill of all: stuffing the contents of the bag in his pockets. Safely on the bus, he would drop the bag someplace along the road. His fingers were searching beneath the model stand as the bell rang.

For a moment, fear gripped Fess. He overcame it almost instantly. He had nothing to fear. He was actually smiling as he opened the door to greet Rooney, the detective. "Why, hello," he said. "Don't tell me you didn't like the picture after you got it home!"

The detective walked into the room. "Oh, I liked it well enough," he said. "But you didn't tell me about the heat." His eyes roved around the studio. Fess looked at him, puzzled. He was glad his valise was hidden from sight. "Heat?" he repeated.

The detective's eyes were bright. "I took the picture home," he said, "and hung it over my fireplace. I dozed off and when I woke up, the heat had caused the paint to run. It's a wreck."

Fess breathed easily. "I can fix that," he said. "Just bring it around, anytime. And now if you'll excuse me, I have an engagement. Someone coming in to pose."

"But I haven't finished," the detective protested. "You see, I tried to catch some of the paint and what do I find beneath a wad of it but this." He opened his palm. The morning sun glinted on the diamond ear-ring!

Fess fainted. When he came to, the detective was looking at the handbag and saying: "Just this morning, Miss Evans, a society woman who does social work, reported her bag, with two hundred dollars and a diamond ear-ring was stolen. You must have scooped it up with your paint!"

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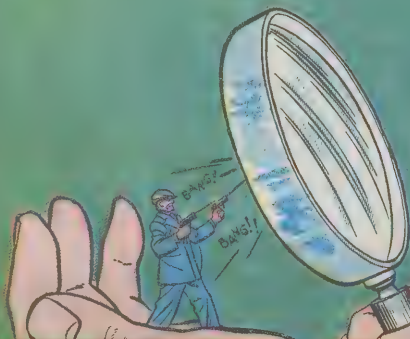
YANK and DOODLE,
EVERY MONTH IN

PRIZE COMICS



PAUL KIRK MANHUNTER

by ED MOORE



PAUL KIRK HAS DINNER WITH FRIENDS—

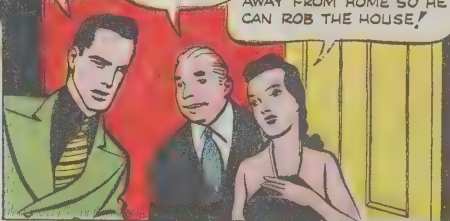
IT'S TRUE, PAUL—THREE TIMES THIS WEEK THE PHONE HAS RUNG—BUT WHEN I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER—NO ONE WAS THERE!



HM-M-M— THAT IS STRANGE!

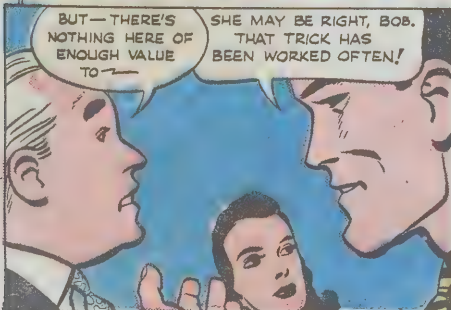
NOW, PAUL— IT'S NOTHING. MARY HAS AN IMAGINATION!

BUT—IT'S TRUE! YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK—? I THINK SOMEONE IS WAITING TO CATCH ME AWAY FROM HOME SO HE CAN ROB THE HOUSE!



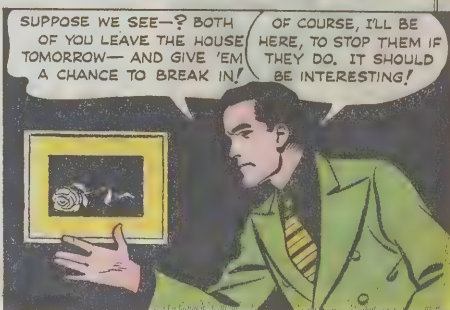
BUT—THERE'S NOTHING HERE OF ENOUGH VALUE TO—

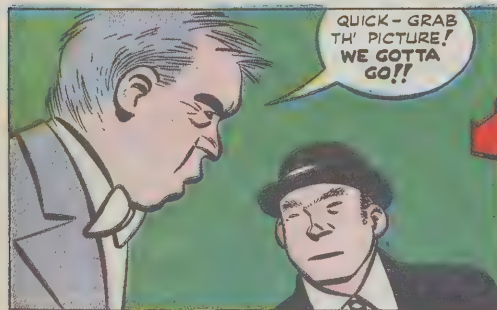
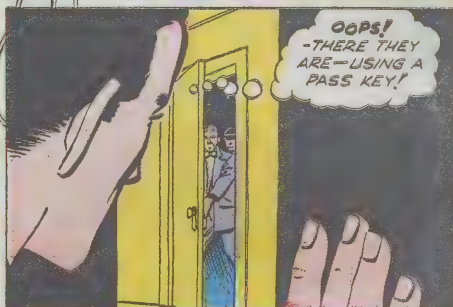
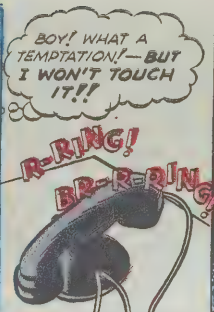
SHE MAY BE RIGHT, BOB. THAT TRICK HAS BEEN WORKED OFTEN!



SUPPOSE WE SEE—? BOTH OF YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE TOMORROW—AND GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO BREAK IN!

OF COURSE, I'LL BE HERE, TO STOP THEM IF THEY DO. IT SHOULD BE INTERESTING!

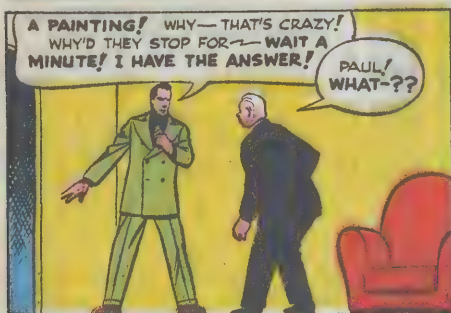
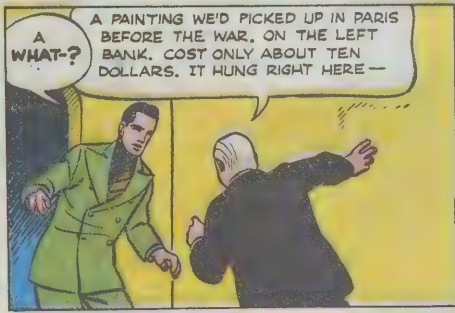
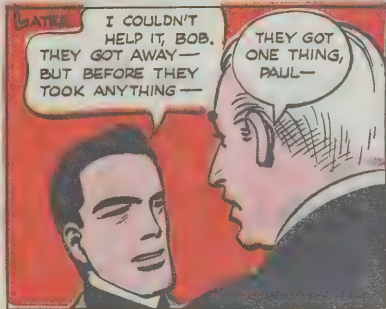
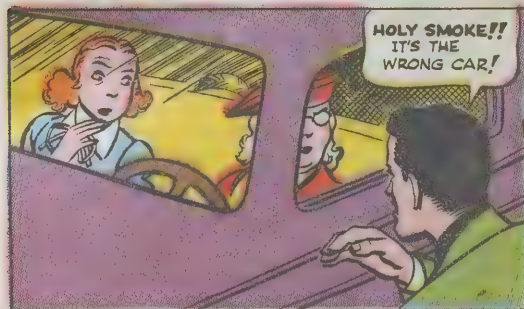
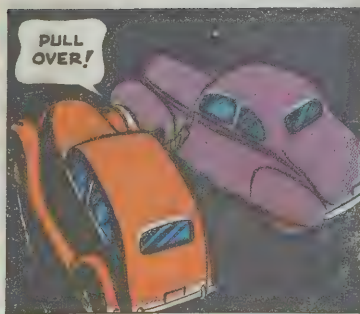


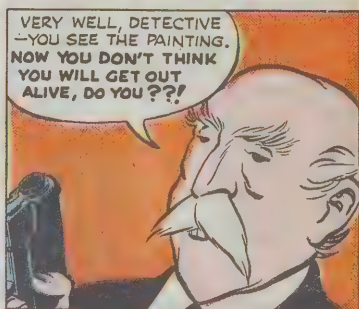
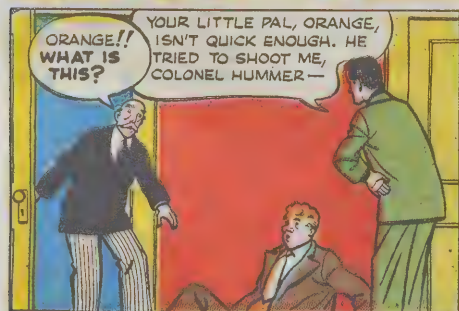
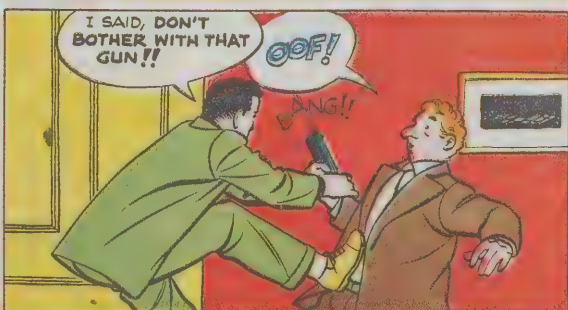
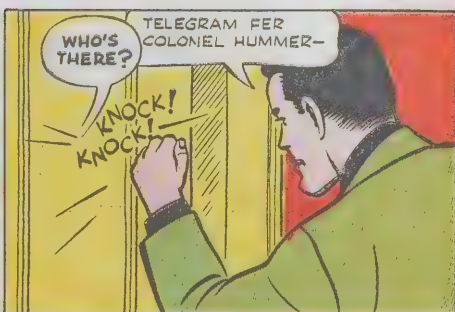
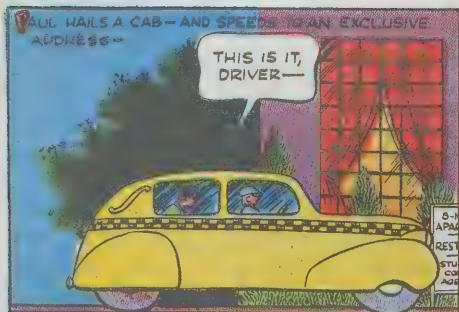


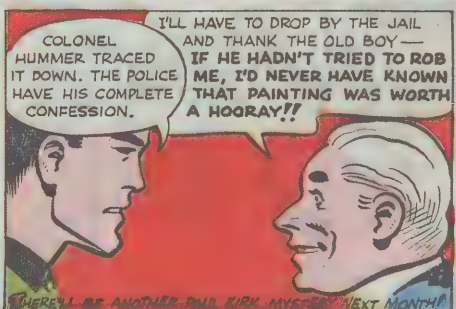
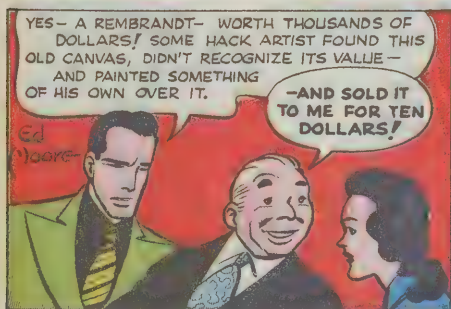
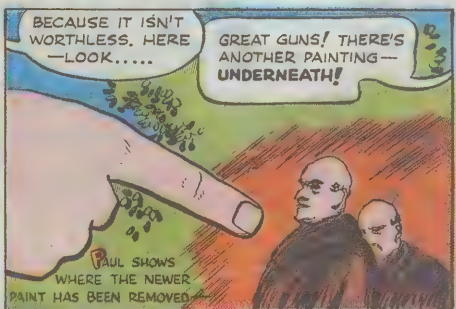
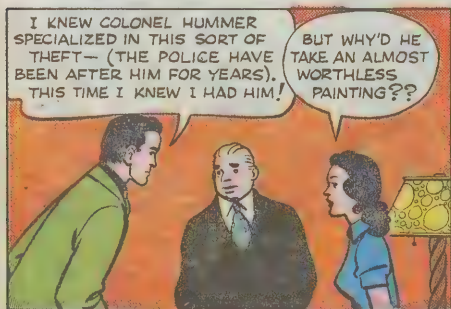
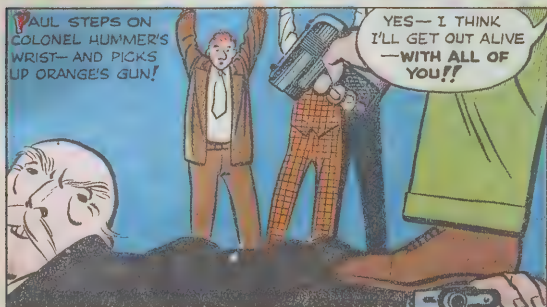


THE CHASE! THE THIEF'S CAR HURTTLES AWAY—SWERVES THROUGH A STOP LIGHT AND AROUND A CORNER—AND INTO HEAVY TRAFFIC!

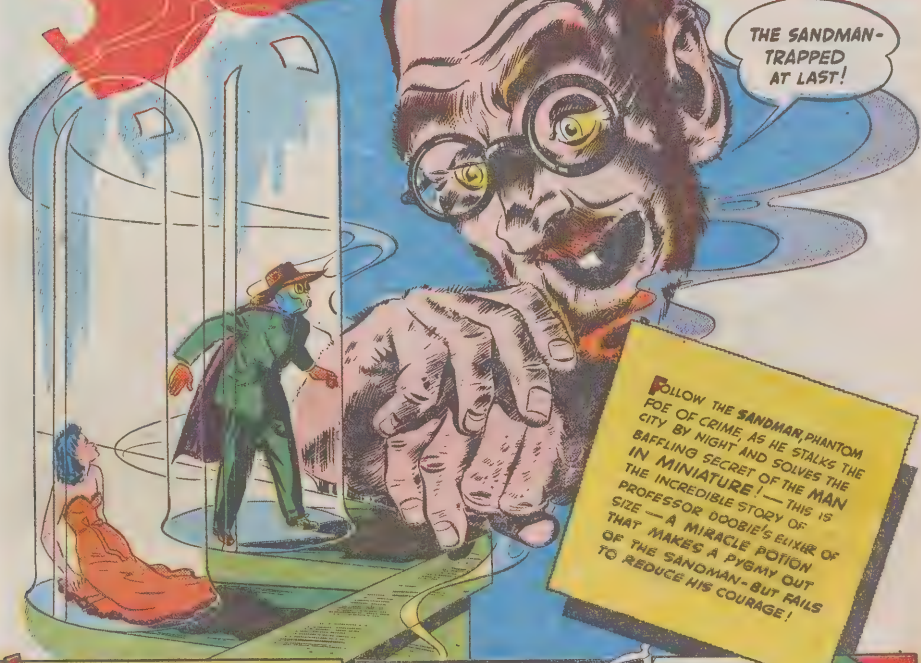






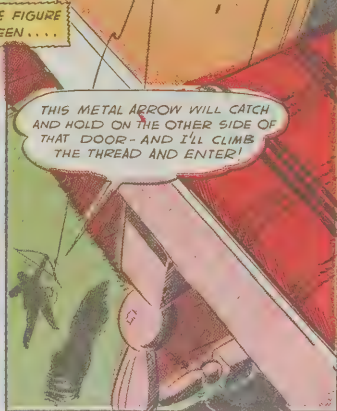
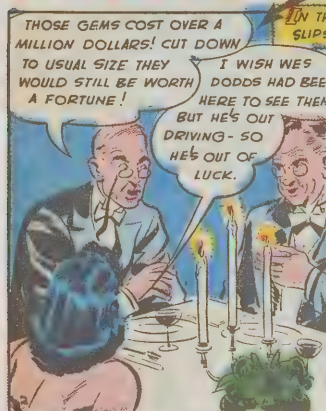
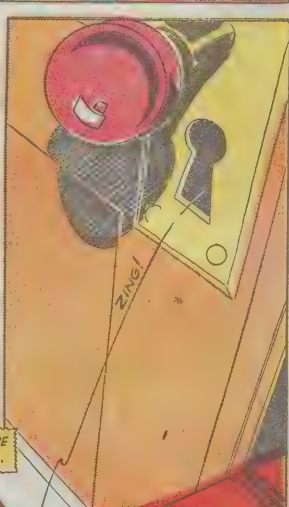
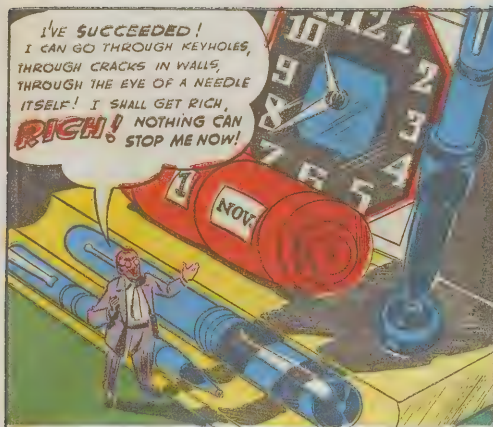


the Sandman



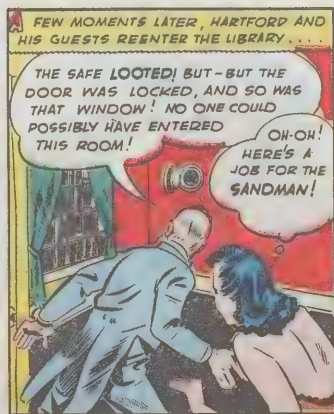
FOLLOW THE SANDMAN, PHANTOM FOE OF CRIME, AS HE STALKS THE CITY BY NIGHT AND SOLVES THE BAFFLING SECRET OF THE MAN IN MINIATURE! — THIS IS THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF PROFESSOR DOOBIE'S ELIXIR OF SIZE — A MIRACLE POTION THAT MAKES A PYGMY OUT OF THE SANDMAN — BUT FAILS TO REDUCE HIS COURAGE!







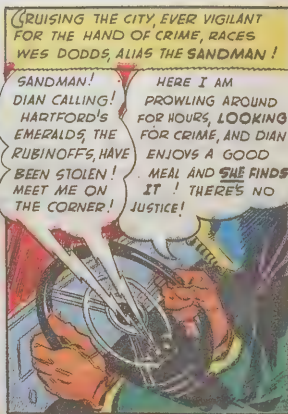
I'LL RESUME MY NORMAL SIZE, SEIZE THE JEWELS — AND ESCAPE BY WAY OF THE WINDOW.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, HARTFORD AND HIS GUESTS REENTER THE LIBRARY...

THE SAFE LOOTED! BUT — BUT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED, AND SO WAS THAT WINDOW! NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE ENTERED THIS ROOM!

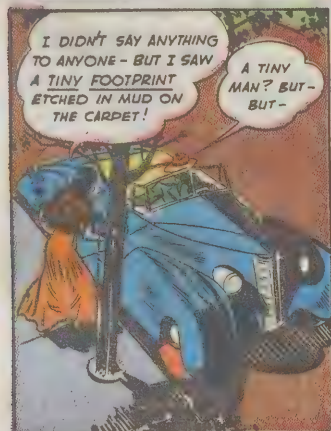
OH-OH! HERE'S A JOB FOR THE SANDMAN!



CRUISING THE CITY, EVER VIGILANT FOR THE HAND OF CRIME, RACES WES DODDS, ALIAS THE SANDMAN!

SANDMAN! DIAN CALLING! HARTFORD'S EMERALDS, THE RUBINOFFS, HAVE BEEN STOLEN! MEET ME ON THE CORNER!

HERE I AM PROWLING AROUND FOR HOURS, LOOKING FOR CRIME, AND DIAN ENJOYS A GOOD MEAL AND SHE FINDS IT! THERE'S NO JUSTICE!



I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO ANYONE — BUT I SAW A TINY FOOTPRINT ETCHED IN MUD ON THE CARPET!

A TINY MAN? BUT — BUT —



IT ISN'T IMPOSSIBLE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY! I READ A LONG TIME AGO ABOUT A PROFESSOR DOOMBBIE CLAIMING HE COULD MAKE PEOPLE SMALL!

HE'S THE ONE WITH A LABORATORY A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE! THAT'S OUR PORT OF CALL, THEN!



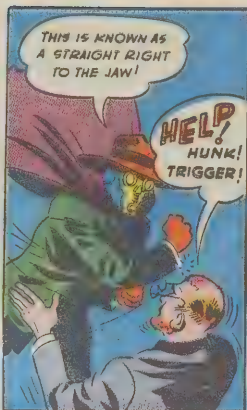
IN FRONT OF THE DOOMBBIE HOME...

I'LL MOSEY UP THE FACE OF THAT BUILDING AND SEE IF THE PROFESSOR'S UP TO SOMETHING!



THERE HE IS! AND THERE ARE THE EMERALDS! **WOW!** THEY'RE WHAT I CALL GEMS!







THAT GUY'S A FIGHTIN' WONDER! I'LL STOP HIM WITH MY SERUM ONE!

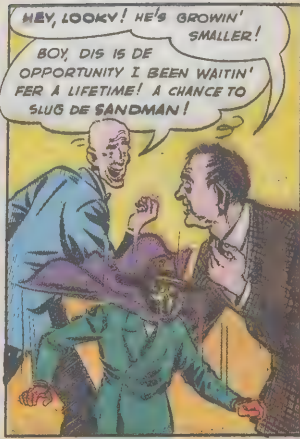


WHAT WAS THAT?...I THOUGHT SOMEONE STRUCK ME JUST THEN!

I -

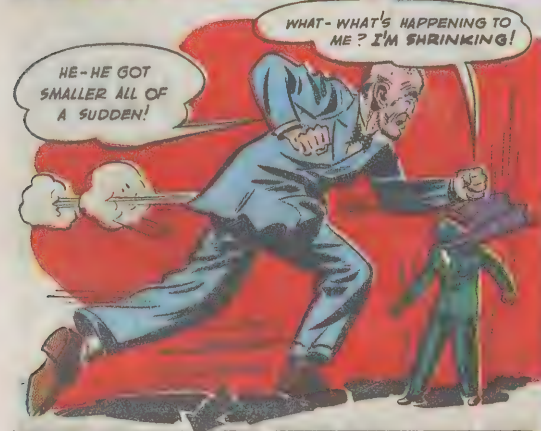
DIS GUY'S TOO MUCH FER US! I QUIT!

ME, TOO!



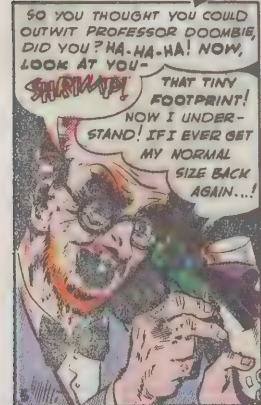
HEY, LOOKY! HE'S GROWIN' SMALLER!

BOY, DIS IS DE OPPORTUNITY I BEEN WAITIN' FER A LIFETIME! A CHANCE TO SLUG DE SANDMAN!



HE-HE GOT SMALLER ALL OF A SUDDEN!

WHAT- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M SHRINKING!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT PROFESSOR DOOMBIE, DID YOU? HA-HA-HA! NOW, LOOK AT YOU-

SHRINK!

THAT TINY FOOTPRINT! NOW I UNDERSTAND! IF I EVER GET MY NORMAL SIZE BACK AGAIN...!



THERE! NOW- WHO'S THAT?

DIS IS DIAN BELMONT-DE PAL OF DE SANDMAN! SHE WAS SNOOPING AROUND!

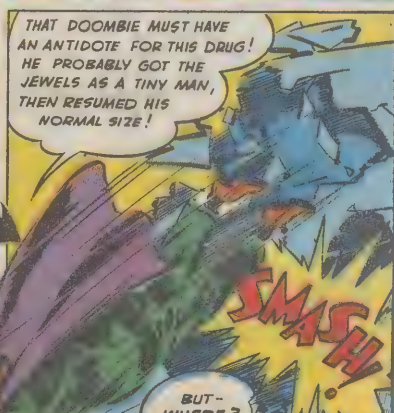
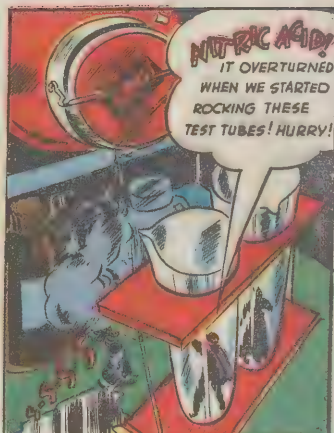
SO-? WE'LL GIVE HER THE SAME TREATMENT!

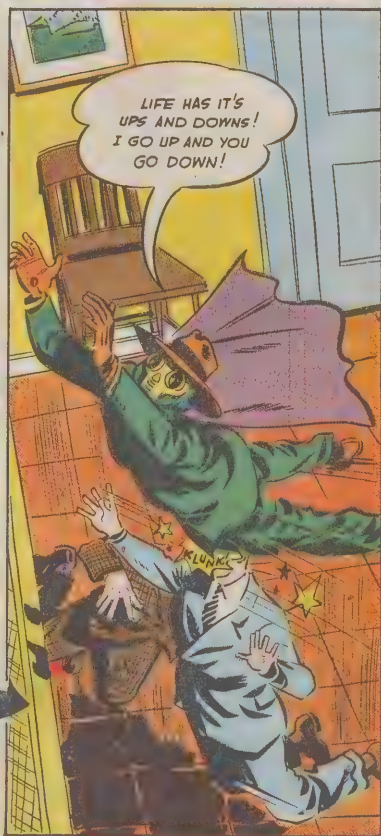
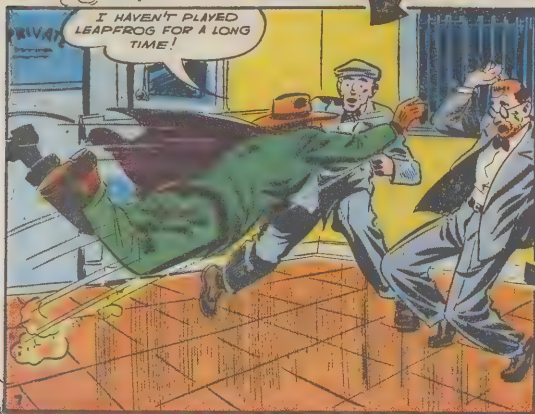
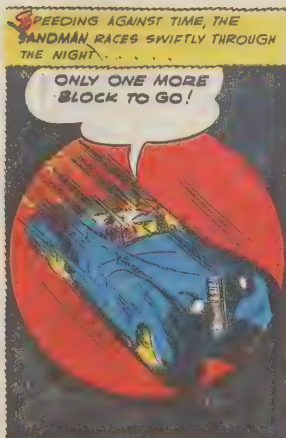
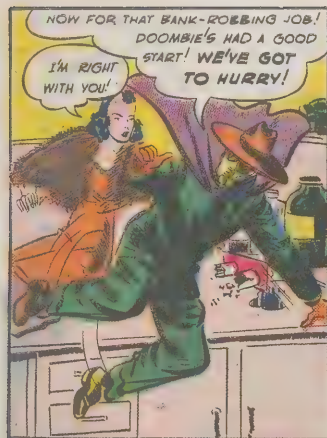


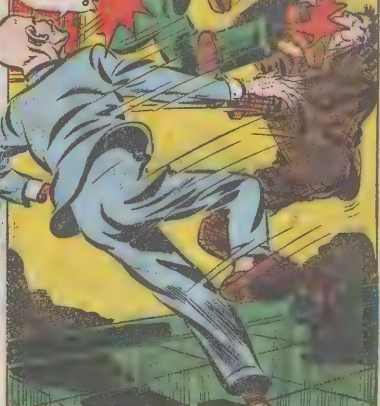
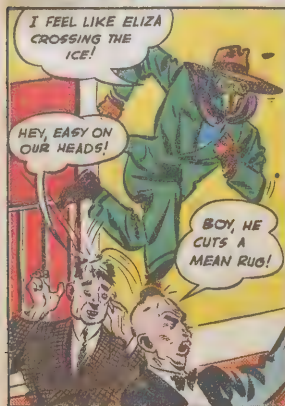
DIAN IS ALSO INJECTED AND PLACED IN A TEST TUBE BESIDE THE SANDMAN.

IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M GOING TO ROB A BANK FOR SOME MONEY RIGHT NOW, AND THERE'S NOTHING THAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT! HA-HA-HA-HA-

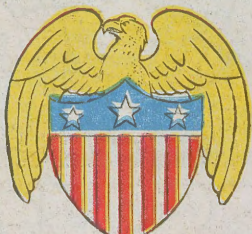
HA-HA-HA!







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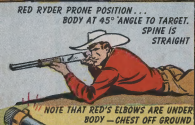
RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION ... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL ... LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION ... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET. SPINE IS STRAIGHT



KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!



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